

THE



WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA
NORTH-WEST AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

15th Year. No. 22.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 25, 1899.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commandress.

Price, 5 Cents.



MAJOR SOUTHALL,
Provincial Officer, West Ontario Province.

See article on page 6.

"Gentle Jesus" Revised.

A SLUM STORY.

THIS child was a boy, scarcely more than four or five years old. His parents had evidently been sent to prison, or had drifted away somewhere. When found by the Slum Sisters in New York, crouching in the corner of a hallway, one chilly night in March, he was but half-clad and numb with exposure to the cold.

Taken to the barracks, there was no

washed and dressed in clean clothes,

warmed and fed. He was delighted,

and particularly with his garments;

so much so that when one of the

Sisters attempted to undress him for

bed he cried, under the belief that he

was about to be prematurely deprived

of his new apparel.

This was very apparent when the

Sister attempted to teach him the

words of the simple prayer, "Now I

lay me down to sleep."

"I pray the Lord my soul to keep,"

continued the Sister.

"I pray the Lord my clothes to keep," whispered the boy.

"No, not 'clothes to keep,' 'soul to

keep,'" corrected the Sister.

"Soul to keep," said the boy.

"Now, say again the beginning,"

urged the worker in the slums. "Now I

lay me down to sleep, I pray the

Lord my soul to keep."

But the poor little fellow was too

intent upon his treasures. "Now I

lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord

my clothes to keep," he said, making

the same mistake as before.

"No; that is not right," said the

painstricken Sister. "You pray to God

to take care of your soul, not your

clothes. I'll take care of those."

"And won't you papa them?" repled the astonished lad to the as-

tonishment of the Sister, "and buy

rums with them? That's what they

always did at home when I had new

clothes."

Tears filled the eyes of the Slum

Sister, and she closed them aside as

she kissed the child. "Hush! The words

of precious knowledge had been given

to her the story of his brief life, and

she needed no more to tell her of the

misery of his home. Although he

had finally mastered his little prayer, it

was with the words, "I pray the Lord

my clothes to keep," on his lips that

he fell asleep.

MY CONTRACT.

The World : "Make a contract with me. Give me your time, your talents, your thoughts, your very fancies. I undertake to satisfy them all."

The Soul (thoughtfully): "Life has

sorrows."

The World : "Sorrows, indeed? For

there I can offer you a rare draught of forgetfulness."

The Soul : "And what do you offer in return? It is a costly sacrifice you are seeking from me."

The World (scornfully): "Sacrifice, do you call it? Soul, know you not, that my gifts have been sought by some whose names will be remembered as earth exists. Sacrifice? I offer you wealth, position, fame if you can get the world, palable, the admiration—yes, even the love of humanity. You can become a benefactor if you like. Choose the path in which you wish to be foremost, and I will place you in it."

The Soul : "All these gifts, however, I have ceased to desire. A little while ago, I should have signed your contract eagerly. Now, I know that none of these gifts you offer can satisfy a strange, unsatisfied longing within me."

The Flesh (insinuatingly): "Take your ease with me. Soul, eat, drink, dress, be merry. Cast care, especially this vain longing of which you speak, to the winds. A mere freak of indigestion? I demand no sacrifices. Please, sit, follow its every whim and I shall be satisfied."

The Soul : "The time has passed also for me to listen to you. Your offers may have tempted the body when I lay half dreaming within it. Now, something has roused me. I can sleep no more, and I hunger, I thirst, for I know not what."

The Evil One : "I, alone, can understand your aspiring nature. Nay, make no foolish contracts with the World or the Flesh. You are too noble

to be tempted by such slight promises. I recognize a spirit akin to my own. Stoop to no obedience. Follow your own resolute will. Overbear all obstacles until you are subject to none. A glorious freedom! Think of it. You shall be as God."

Soul : "Where have I heard that promise before? And you, pround master, mind you, to whom you want in my nature—and for ever?"

Evil One (mockingly). "Never fear! I know how to satisfy a brave, restless, grandly rebellious nature such as yours. For ever? What is for ever? Have I not heard you say you were certain of nothing, of no future?"

Even if there be a Creator, and you can prove it—silly! He will not deny immortality to you, if you crave so undesirable a boon, if He have really formed you for it? Come, be bold. Sign my contract. Decide."

Soul (sadly): "I hunger, I thirst."

The Voice of Justice: "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled."

Soul (eagerly): "Speak, Master, speak!"

The Voice of the Master : "No man can serve two masters. Dismiss these, thy tempters."

Soul : "Depart ye fools and sinful ones! Master, I recognize Thine authority. Thou seest I turn from these,

Father's will. It is His will that I should be holy. It is my will. Quicken me to listen to every whisper of the Spirit within me. Strengthen me to obey. Here, blessed Lord, do I make my contract with Thee for ever. I give Thee my life, my love, myself, my all. Make Thou my suppler a perfect surrender."

You never now, does the Master tell His promise. He is satisfying my hunger. He answers the deepest desire in my heart. Life, light, love! What precious gifts! Who can refuse them? Praise His holy name! Hallelujah!"

ONE BUSHEL OF CORN.

An exchange tells us that out of one bushel of corn the following is obtained :

The distiller makes four gallons of whiskey which he retails at \$16.80.

To U. S. Government gets \$4.46.

The farmer gets 15c.

The railroad company gets \$1.

The manufacturer gets \$4.

The consumer gets drunk.

The children get hungry.

The devil gets hudy and soul.

Is that what God made the corn for?

HIS LAST HOPE.

"There goes the last hope of England!" shouted a man in the street, to one of our comrades, as he carried the Army flag towards our meeting in Hyde Park.

Sure the angels must weep,
And feel sorrow for me;
With a mighty heart falls in despair;
There are terrible moans,
The very earth groans,
And sorrow sobs loud in the air."

He stood on the bridge,
And looked o'er the ridge,
At the waters so chilly and dark;
A bewildering pain
Was at work in his brain,
For the devil had made him his mark.

The silence appalled,
And darkness enthralled—
'Twas darkness no hope seemed to break;

But his grief found a tongue,
And these words from him wrung
To himself in this language he spake:

"Ow, cursed be the day
When I travelled astray,
Allured by the wine's ruddy glow;
'Twas a serpent indeed,
Which hath made my soul bleed,
And prepared me a harvest of woe!"

"Drink has brought me disgrace,
And I've come to this place—
To the river—to end all my woe;
For the demon of hell
Throws around me his spell,
And a drunkard to darkness I'll go!"

"How the thoughts of the past
Cling tenaciously fast,
And add to my crushing despair!"

I have sacrificed hills,
I have drifted to this—
To a drunkard, for whom none will care.

"Even passing dogs growl,
When men see me they scowl,
And children make sport of my rags;
Oh, men's hearts are like steel,
And they spurn my appeal
As when famine from luxury begs?"

When thus he had spoken,
The darkness was broken
By a hope that within his brain flashed—

"The Army may take you,
Though others forsake you!"—
'Twas a hope, and towards it he dashed;

Like drowning man grasping,
With iron grip clasping
The driftwood and wreckage that's tossed on the foam;

This hope he did cling to—
This hope which did bring to a Salvation Shelter, forgiveness and home.

To-day he's declaring
To sinners despairing,
To sinners who vainly for liberty grope.

How the Army received him,
And, Christ-like, relieved him.
Yes, he loves the Army—it was his last hope!

Stephen M. Memphis.

Epidemic of Suicide.

Quite a number of persons have put out to their lives recently; in fact, sufficient to justify fully the term "epidemic." Of course, the usual inquiries have been made, and the usual verdicts given, and the usual report have appeared in the papers, with comments more or less appropriate; but the causes must be discovered and dealt with before any hope can be held out of a decrease in these social catastrophes. Thank God, the Salvation Army is incessantly engaged in dealing with the evils that originate crime, and, up to the limit of its resources, is battling on behalf of Society. At the same time pointing its doors of hope through which the homeless, friendless and despairing may pass into paths of work, self-respect, and social and religious regeneration.

"A leap in the dark" is a quick remedy for breaking hearts, but is neither final nor satisfactory. If the General were adequately supported, it might soon become a world-wide factor in men's memories of the whole human race, and at once need despatch since God and the Salvation Army are in partnership in bringing about the healing of the wounds of men and women who find the life that now is an insupportable burden.

The Soul : "Yea, Lord, I do believe; help Thou me unbelief. Cleanse me from all sin in Thy precious Blood. Give unto me the single eye to see my

Social Progress in Holland.

The Farm Colony.

Our Farm Colony is going on splendidly. There has been progress in every way during the past year. New land has been opened up and new buildings erected. One feels that there is a healthy, go-ahead spirit all over the place. While the material side of the Colony has prospered, the spiritual work has also gone forward, deepening and increasing the permanent outcome.

Colonel Cosandey and myself, with the Social Secretary—Major De Witte—spent New Year's Day with the men on the Farm, and it was a happy day: a special dinner had been prepared for the men, and after watching them gather round the well-spread tables, and having a word or two with nearly all, we went on to inspect the whole Farm. We noted the many improvements, increase of cattle, renovated buildings, and the clean, healthful look of everything, simple and inanimate. The Governor of the Farm, Adj't. Holman, is indeed the right man in the right place. His bright countenance and cheery manner, accompanied by a calm, firm temperament, makes him just the one to help the men, whose greatest fault, in most cases, has been a weakness and instability which has led them into all kinds of difficulties. By the help of God they are now trying to climb out the harder to honor and independence.

When dinner was finished and the inspection over, we gathered for the evening lantern service. How earnestly they listened as the story of Zacchaeus was told! That wonderful and instantaneous conversion which the word and power of Jesus wrought in a moment. The money-loving, money-grabbing man comes down from the tree and offers half his goods to the poor, and beseeches to whom he has offended to remit the amount. That was the outcome of true salvation, and it did not take years to accomplish it. On the ready, glad response of Zacchaeus, Jesus did His work.

Then came the lantern service. When the last picture had been shown—the descent from the cross—every ear was ready for the Colonel's earnest appeal for immediate deliverance. We knew that He who in the infinite love of Zacchaeus can, and does, to-day, tame the passion of drink, uncleanness, and other soul-enslaving evils from those who come to Him.

Two rose and came forward; it was a struggle; but the power of Jesus gained the day, and we closed rejoicing.

The Slums.

Christmas in our five Slum-posts has also been a time of blessing, salvation and rejoicing. Singing in the public streets is not allowed in this country, but people can do almost anything they like in the narrow, dark alleys. So our Slum Officers in the Hague went out on Christmas morning singing carols of salvation and the little alleys of their number. They took the people into a prayer meeting at six in their own hall. They had prepared a Christmas Tree, and the only lights burning at that dark hour were the candles on the tree. At this early gathering two poor drunkards came in who had never been in the hall before, and the report this week is five souls saved.

A glorious work of salvation is going on in the Hague. Here and there, in Amsterdam, our Slum corps have been sitting up late for weeks past, and using every spare minute to make warm clothes for the poor half-clad children that they meet in their daily visiting.

These were distributed to the eager little ones in each Slum corps on Christmas afternoon, as they gathered round a brightly-lighted Christmas Tree.

I can hardly tell whether the joy of our dear officers or that of the little ones was the greater, for the things were given out; anyway, it has done a double work by keeping many an aching little body warm, and given the officers a freer entrance to the hearts and homes of the parents, most of whom are hardened by sin.

Yours to help the helpless and the suffering.

L. E. COSANDEY.



THE TERRITORIAL SECRETARY TRAVELS.

His Visits to Lindsay, Fenelon Falls, Bowmanville and Oshawa.

Clerical Results in Souls Being Saved—Monday Meeting—The T. S.'s Reputation as a Singer Spreading.

LINDSAY.

THE visit of Lieut-Colonel Marteau to Lindsay will not soon be forgotten; our expectations ran high, and we were not disappointed. On Saturday night we created no small stir on the streets and found a nice crowd inside. A rousing volley was fired for the Colonel and another to welcome Capt. Peacock, who has come to help put this work on its feet. The Colonel was in fact a real live meeting and all present felt the presence of God. The Colonel urged the sinners to decide for God, but none yielded.

7 a.m. on Sunday, we were aglow besieging the Throne of Grace for God's Spirit to help us for the day.

11 a.m.—From the first song until the finish God's power was felt and the Colonel spoke with force and love. Three knelt at the Mercy Seat and were set free.

3 p.m.—A fine crowd and a powerful meeting, with three more crying for salvation.

7:30 p.m.—All hearts were lifted to God for souls, and the Colonel again spoke with lips touched for the occasion by Divine fire. Conviction rested upon the audience, and we again rejoiced over three more seeking pardon and mercy from God.—J. Jones, D. O.

good will result from the Colonel's visit.

OSHAWA.

We were up bright and early Monday morning, and arriving at the officers' quarters at 9 a.m., found the officers in good spirits over a glorious victory, with two souls in the Fountian on Sunday.

After lunch we weeded our way, in company with Captaines Barker and Durrah, to the Malibelle Iron Works, where the Lieut-Colonel had been announced to conduct a special noon-day prayer meeting. These works employ over one hundred men at the present time. It was a grand sight to see them running hither and thither with the molten iron, pouring it into the different moulds. We were kindly shown through the whole building and appreciated it very much. After the men had eaten their dinner they gathered together and listened attentively to some songs and a little spiritual talk. They seemed to be a jolly crowd and especially enjoyed the meeting, es-

The Colonel's Singing.

with concertina accompaniment. The officers in charge have two meetings a week with these men (we covet them for Jesus).

The night meeting in the barracks was a good spiritual time. There were many present who were under deep conviction, but they would not decide for Christ, so we had to leave them in the hands of God.—J. Jones, D. O.

A Murderer's Testament.

(From the German.)

THIS testimony was written for the German War Cry, from the notes of a man named Hoche, who was convicted of murder and condemned to death. He was beheaded at Bautzen, Saxony, on April 7th, 1807, at six o'clock in the morning.

"Remember you who are reading this, my last testament, that one speaks to you who is no longer among the living, but one who, at the end of his life, had obtained the knowledge, dearly bought by bitter experience, that the way of transgressors is hard, and the wages of sin is death. Therefore he wishes to warn you who are walking in the broad road to consider, to turn and flee from its delusions."

"I have committed a great sin, and I know it, and will meet my death, but, when I glance along the road of my life, I must confess that I have not come to this great and terrible sin all at once. Nobody becomes a murderer all at once, and, as I ask myself what was the cause that has driven me to do this terrible deed, I have only one answer—"

Whiskey!

"Slowly it commenced. In my childhood days I was made acquainted with it. My father was a drunkard and after his first drink, he would crawl from room to death in the snow. Fathers who are drunkards, consider that from your evil habit, the blood, and from your bad example, the life of your children is poisoned. When I left school I learned brick-laying and drinking, for all brick-layers drink whiskey. When I commenced work I was a diligent and reliable laborer and earned good wages, but the more I earned, the more I spent in drink, and the more

I drank, the less relish and strength I had for work, and so, slowly but surely, I went down hill. I was sent to the House of Correction and the State Prison for different offences, but as soon as I was discharged I started to drink again. You know I gave up work altogether and made my wife support me. I was satisfied as long as she gave me sufficient money for whiskey. If she did not do so I would beat her. My step-children had to fetch me my supply of this liquid damnation early in the morning, before they went to school, and again in the evening when they returned from work. Whiskey was my first thought and my first and last drink of the day."

"I will not speak of all the cruelties and crimes I have committed while under the influence of liquor. It robbed me of all will-power and fed within me everything that was fleshly and beastly, and at last—at last

I Killed My Wife.

And this murder was the last link in the chain of sins and misdeeds which the drink had compelled me to commit. To-morrow I am to be be-headed; I deserve death, and I shall meet an Angel of God in mercy upon me, but I do not care to die without giving one more loud cry of warning to all the world. This shall be my testimony to the living which I leave behind me.

"This warning is meant for you, my friends and comrades in drink, who with me have sat and revelled and delighted in this soul-damning liquor. My example shows you the end of the road which you also are travelling. Throw away the cursed cup while it is time, and before the drink demon has brought you to the scaffold."

"But this warning is also meant for all of you, my fellow-laborers—brick-layers, carpenters, or whatever your trade may be. Most of you think that without whiskey you cannot go on, and that a little does not hurt you, as long as one does not take to excess, but tell me can you stop the rolling ball? Can a little, I mean, be stopped, with much difficulty? It did not come home with quartz. If you want to be healthy men, willing workers, happy fathers of families, and remain such, then away with the waters of hell!"

"But my warning is also meant for the distillers and sellers, and all that have to do with the making and handling of the cursed liquor. Without pangs of conscience you rob the laborer of his hard-earned money, you take out of his pocket his scant wages to fill your purses."

You'll Accuse Me.

as accomplices in my crime. I know that you are breaking the staff of the Pharisees over my head, and are washing your hands in innocence, but you will have to answer before the Throne of God with me, and for many crimes committed through the agency of your cursed whiskey. You are getting rich from the pennies taken over the counter, but, 'What shall it profit a man if he gains the whole world and loses his own soul?' Close up your whiskey stores, shut up your distilleries, bar your saloons! This is my advice, as I stand face to face with Eternity."

"And now, farewell!—This is my last testament. Remember me. I have warned you. 'He that has ears to hear, let him hear!'"

A Despatch from the Port Simpson Indians.

To ADJUTANT PATTERSON.

Dear Brother,

I was glad to send you this report. Glory to God, we are still alive in Port Simpson, and the devil knows it, too. He tries his best to stop the old chariot from rolling along, yet, thank God, it is still moving, and we know the One Who is in our side is stronger than all that can be against us. Bless God! In spite of the devil we are having good meetings. Deep conviction and souls are getting converted. Three prodigals came to the great King last night in our "Ten Virgins" meeting, and had their sins blotted out.

Please put this report on the War Cry and sent one to me. Will you let me know about officers. Please to tell me as soon as you can. I am sorry for you did not receive my picture. May the Lord Bless you.

I am yours truly,

HENRY. W. TATE.

Our Field Officers.

WHY I BECAME A SALVATIONIST.

By CAPT. HANNA.

I am a Salvationist because God spoke peace to my soul after years of rebellion against Him.



CAPTAIN HANNA, Grampston, Ont.

I was at work in that hay pound just near the house when I heard the voice of God speak to me plainly. I said, "Yes, Lord."

"Heaven or hell, which?" I listened—the darkness of hell and its torture were before me.

Then the beauties of heaven, the glories of the Throne lit up the place. I said, "If there is a heaven I'll find it." My Lord, I will do anything only save in my master's service. The light came streaming into my soul. I felt that heaven had begun. Then I saw the right example to follow—Jesus Christ—instead of professors of religion, whom I used to look at and listen to Sunday after Sunday, and through the week drink distilled damnation and smoke and chew.

Then came the test, the voice of God was heard again, "Follow me." I promised. God said, "Are you willing to go to the farthest corner of the earth?"

I replied, "Yes, Lord, yes!"

"Go to the 'Salvation Army.' I made excuses, but the voice said again, "Go. I will prepare the way."

I have obeyed, and have been going on every day since then. I love my Jesus, my work, and souls, and am willing to go anywhere He leads me. I am still in my first love, for which I give God all the glory.



CAPTAIN AND MRS. HOOKER, Wallace, Ida.

Once, when food was scarce, the Captain and his wife climbed from 800 to 1,000 feet up the mountains and gathered 24 gallons of huckle-berries, which they sold at \$1 per gallon, and so replenished their cupboard.

Mr. Hooker, a great War Cry believer, and often walks from 42 to 14 miles to sell that messenger of salvation. "We are going in to thrash the old devil and to have victory, regardless of all opposition," is the Captain's closing sentence in a letter to the Editor.

"Till fixed we are not free. The acorn must be earthed ere the oak will develop. The man of faith is the man who has taken root."—Thomas Lynch.

A Game of Chance.

A Service of Song.

BY ADJUTANT PAGE.

Altogether.

Begone, vain world (B.J. 101).

FAIRYLAND—or something closely akin to it. Floral festoons hung from the roof, flags of all nations decked the walls. Sweet strains from strung instruments and ripples of ringing laughter mingled harmoniously below. Although the half-playful traffic going on necessitated the clink of coins and the rustle of parcel-tieing, there was little else to suggest anything so serious as a game of roulette—it was the Annual Fancy Fair in aid of Northover's old-established orphanage.

One of the butterfly throng of young ladies acting as saleswomen had flattered her gauze-like draperies to the entrance to greet a new-comer.

"Ah, Mr. Stewart," she exclaimed, shaking hands with a grey-haired and somewhat grave gentleman, "how good of you to come! Isn't it a perfect place?"

"I am afraid your comparison is rather unfortunate, Miss Brown," he returned. "Paradise was not quite perfect, you remember. The serpent spoiled it. I wonder," he added thoughtfully, "if there is one lurking behind some of these needless merriments?"

"I am sure I hope not," said little Miss Brown, her pretty lips pouting. "It there is one I haven't seen him yet."

And she ran away with a rather flippant apology that she must see no such monster devoured the good things under her care.

Solo and Chorus.

Oh, ye young, ye gay, ye proud,
You must die and wear a shroud;
Time will drag you to your bloom,
Death will drag you to the tomb,

Thou'll weep and wish to be
Happy in eternity.

Half an hour later another newcomer pushed his way through the turnstile. This was an altogether new experience for Dick Newnes. He was a young and struggling clerk, and a complimentary ticket given by his employer had secured him the night's entertainment—his first real taste of safety. He was fairly delighted by the various beauties of the spacious hall. Dick was small and shy, and as he had no purpose to meet the absurdly-high prices he saw all around him, he felt for some minutes rather dull and alone. He almost wished he had not come—he had had to break the prayer meeting engagement which he had promised when he left home always to think.

While thus thinking he had gravitated towards a group of young people surrounding what he first took to be an auction desk, but which he afterwards found was a raffle. A small gloved hand was outstretched to him—it was Miss Brown's.

"How do you do, Mr. Newnes?" They had met at some social a few weeks previously, and the young lady was noted for a good memory for faces and an affable recognition of them. "We in time will put your quarter into this bag of luck, for that shawl we are raffling for."

"Never take in a game of chance, my boy. It will unpin your principles quicker than anything else." This inconvenient recollection of a father's advice caused Dick to hesitate.

Chorus (Platform only).

Yield not to temptation,
For yielding is sin,
Each victory will help you
Some other to win.
Pleasure is outward,
Dark passions subdued,
Look ever to Jesus,
He will carry you through:

Ask the Saviour to help you,
Comfort, strengthen and keep you,
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through.

Going to judgment for not doing right,
Dreadful the sentence, "Depart from
Me!"

Sad, oh! sad will the judgment be.

What if I will not take up my cross?
What if I sit till my soul is lost?
What if I sink in the burning flame?
There will be none but myself to
blame.

Oh, what will the judgment be?

Two weeks later—the same room—the same hour—the same watching woman. But to-night her face is flushed with anger, pride and shame. The nature of her husband's nightly business has been revealed. Through a word dropped by the office watchman she learned that her husband's desk was unoccupied after six o'clock. Suspicious and alarmed, Alice made further enquiries, and after some difficulty learned her husband's haunt—it was a private billiard room, and she was a gambler's wife. Oh, the shame, the degradation of the thought! Alice was dreading with it when her husband entered, and immediately began to uphold him on the strength of her discovery. Newnes was in no mood to be scolded. He had lost more than he had gained that night, and drank heavily.

"Fine thing to scold a man for looking after his wife. Did you think this house was kept up by air—your dressmaker's bills and the girl's wages paid out of my office salary? THAT would barely pay the rent. I have to do something to supplement my income."

"We could cut down," said Alice. "Cut down—what?" retorted her husband. "You and I have lost our taste for simple food, simple dress, and simple comfort. We MUST have these things, and I MUST pay for them."

"We could cut down," said Alice. "Cut down—what?" retorted her husband. "You and I have lost our taste for simple food, simple dress, and simple comfort. We MUST have these things, and I MUST pay for them."

In the gambling room that night Dick Newnes had staked his all—and lost, all his possessions, outlay, and outlay till the wedding presents, the furniture, the pretty home itself, were all pledged to pay the winner. One chance was left. The thousands that he had put on a horse running that very night, might yet redeem him. Wine flowed freely—under its delusive stimulus he could not give up hope.

At last a hurried ring at the bell—a telegraph boy entered. Newnes tears his head—his horse has lost—he is ruined man!

And a doomed one—for the shock seems freezing his blood and fastening fetters on his pulse. The room is swimming—voices seem far away—thoughts maddening—in their speed rush through his brain—it seems as though on fire with them. "Alice homeless—is his name disgraced—his honor—"

The door opens—his wife, white with watching and search, comes in. The panting man staggers towards her.

"Alice—forgive?" he gasps. "Oh, God, have——"

But the word "mercy" will not come. With a groan he falls dead at her feet.

His name is up.

Solo and Chorus.

Too late! Too late!
Thy day of grace is ended,
Thy God of love offended,
And from thy soul is rended
The lingering ray of hope.

Chorus.

Too late! Mercy gone. Too late!
Judgment come, goe.
Shut without the golden gate. Just
too late!

My tale is told. Two words remain for me to say.

There may be some in this meeting, who, like Alice, have played with such edged tools, and have led others to do the same. Let such remember that the damage done by a thoughtless influence can never be undone.

To you, young man and old—I care not what your age, your ability, or—as you may term it, your good luck—you who have got in the vortex of gamblers' beginnings, and blinded by its twin curse of drink yet think to win, I would only say, remember that "in such an hour as ye think not" you may LOSE—and lose eternally.

Chorus, Softly.

The world has nothing left to give,
It has no new, no pure delight;

Oh, try the life which Christians live.

Thou wouldst be saved, why not to night?



... HE IS A RUINED MAN."

throws her work aside and peers through the window. Outside all is silent and dark. No sound of the well-known foot-fall for which she waits. "Strange what keeps him so often," she says to herself. "It is very lonely—perhaps that he has work to do." She turns over the late supper and attention to his wants. But her eyes are misty as she pours the coffee, and her voice not very steady as she says:

"Couldn't I do something to help you with your writing, Dick—so that you could work at home or an evening?"

"God forbid that you should help me!" exclaims her husband, with what seems unnecessary vehemence. "The writing will come out all right, Alice. Anyway, never forget that I do it for your sake."

Solo and Chorus.

What if I will not salvation seek?
What if I will not hear conscience speak?
What if God's talents and time I waste?

What if I sin away days of grace?
Oh, what will the judgment be?

Going to judgment with salvation light,

them, Brides, Alice. It's not a question of "will" or "won't." Do you remember getting me to raffle for that shawl at the Fancy Fair? That was my first game of chance—played against my will at your persuasion—and I have been playing one ever since. It's no use talking of stopping now—I MUST play!"

The fierce gleam in the man's glance told the same tale—he was a victim of the gambling fever.

Solo (No Chorus).

Tune.—Penitent's plea.

All the memories of deeds gone by,
All the blunders of the day,
The power defy;
With death chill ensanguined,
They would leave my soul unbroken.
Saviour, take my hand, I cannot tell
How to stem the tides that round me swell,

How to ease my conscience, or to quell

My flaming heart.

We can but draw a veil over the agony of contrition and remorse into which Alice was plunged. Indeed, her grief might not have perilled her reason had she not found an Arno to lean on, and a Heart to feel and help in that dark hour.

One day there came to her door a sweet-faced woman in a poke bonnet, who, as a reason for her visit proffered a War Cry for sale. Something in the face of the woman who answered her knock (the girl had been dismissed two weeks before) struck the Salva-

tionist, and she said, as she folded her bundle again:

"Do you know Jesus?"

Chorus (Platform only). Softly.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear,
It softens all his sorrows, heals his wounds.

And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled soul,
And to the weary rest.

The poor, stricken heart before her broke at the question. Hastily seizing her visitor's hand she led her to the parlor and there sobbed out her story.

"It's all my own fault," she wailed. "I see it now—can't forgive one so wicked."

She knew that afternoon, with her new friend's arm around her, Alice proved he could and did. And she went about her work, sad still—but strong to face the worst.

She had not long to wait. The worst was night at hand. Three nights later her husband failed to return at the usual hour. Three—four o'clock passed—she waited till the grey dawn looked in on her kneeling figure—but still he did not come.

Solo and Chorus.

Death is at hand thy life to demand,
Make haste, now the Saviour to find;
No longer delay, you're passing away,
And Satan your soul waits to bind.

Oh, why wilt thou die?

Awful despair thy bosom will bear
When heaven for her has no room,
For ever shut out in darkness and
doubt.

Then hell everlasting thy doom!

In the gambling room that night Dick Newnes had staked his all—and lost, all his possessions, outlay, outlay till the wedding presents, the furniture, the pretty home itself, were all pledged to pay the winner. One chance was left. The thousands that he had put on a horse running that very night, might yet redeem him. Wine flowed freely—under its delusive stimulus he could not give up hope.

At last a hurried ring at the bell—a telegraph boy entered. Newnes tears his head—his horse has lost—he is ruined man!

And a doomed one—for the shock seems freezing his blood and fastening fetters on his pulse. The room is swimming—voices seem far away—thoughts maddening—in their speed rush through his brain—it seems as though on fire with them. "Alice homeless—is his name disgraced—his honor—"

The door opens—his wife, white with watching and search, comes in. The panting man staggers towards her.

"Alice—forgive?" he gasps. "Oh, God, have——"

But the word "mercy" will not come. With a groan he falls dead at her feet.

His name is up.

Solo and Chorus.

Too late! Too late!
Thy day of grace is ended,
Thy God of love offended,
And from thy soul is rended
The lingering ray of hope.

Chorus.

Too late! Mercy gone. Too late!
Judgment come, goe.
Shut without the golden gate. Just
too late!



The shaded portion of the map shows the extent of the West Ontario Province, which comprises:

- 8 Districts,
- 41 Corps,
- 3 Circle Corps,
- 8 Brigades,
- 7 Outposts,
- 2 Social Institutions,
- 101 Commissioned Officers.

A MAGNIFICENT RECORD.—

THAT section of the Canadian battlefield known as the West Ontario Province has focussed the attention of the War Cry readers in the magnificent record of its gallant Arab, who maintained such a splendid lead against "all comers" in the Competition List. It has not only excelled itself in this,

however, but has furnished a splendid record of progression and advance in many other respects.

This Province comprises all Canadian Territory west of Brantford and Guelph to the Detroit and St. Clair Rivers, and is bounded by Lake Erie on the south and Lake Huron on the north and north-west.

SOME INTERESTING FACTS AND FIGURES CONCERNING THE West Ontario Province.

223 Saved Drunkards; 3,436 years of Drunkenness and 2,009 years of Sobriety and Industry represented in the same lives.

WANTED.—A mathematician to give correct estimate of the above in evil influences checked and thrown on the side of Righteousness.

Our Paper War.—Fifteen readers of the War Cry in every 100 of the population, or 25,000 weekly readers.

\$6,000 in the two annual financial efforts, or 3 cents per head of population.

40 Corps with a total population of less than 200,000.

Districts.
BRANTFORD.—Adjt. Coombs has just been appointed as

District Officer. This is the largest District (except the London) for population. From a man who is a fine standing man, it is also the most flourishing. It has three brass bands in its six corps—Galt taking the lead. We have a good solid corps here, with a fine set of Local Officers. It is a busy manufacturing town, principally in modelling and iron working, engines of all descriptions and axes being the principal industries. Guelph also is quite a manufacturing town. A fine Army work has been done here. Hespeler has a busy little place. Its two woollen mills employing over a thousand hands. The Army is much appreciated here. Berlin is a thriving town, and is destined to become an important corps, although its record has been rather fluctuating. Paris, with its brave little band of soldiers, continues to plod along—small, but faithful, may be said of this corps.

CHATHAM.—Ensign Hale has just been appointed to this District. The central corps (Chatham) has a real old fashioned Army backbone to it. A splendid work has been done, and but for the depression that has existed in this section for some years, would probably stand second to none in the Province. The soldiers use of the Blood-and-Fire stamp. The hand are a fine set of fellows—and

none in the Province. The soldiers use of the Blood-and-Fire stamp. The hand are a fine set of fellows—and

pray as well as play—and they know how to do both. Bridgetown is a bright little town, and with the neat property—barracks and quarters—put up about a year ago, will go on to fill its mission more efficiently. Blenheim is coming along nicely, and promising well for a brighter future. Tilbury is feeling keenly the existing depression, and is making a brave pull for existence.

DRESDEN.—This District is run from P. H. Q. The central corps has had quite a revival of late, and though the depression common around this post has depopulated the town in some measure—a condition the Army always feels—it has made some advances. Wallaceburg is going ahead commercially and Salvation Army's. Both well is pulling up nicely, and there is a crisp air of activity and prosperity about it.

PALMERSTON.—Ensign Orchard is the director of affairs in these northern regions, and not particularly



attack. If the Arctic traveller does hurry up and reach the "Pole" they will find Ensign Orchard there ahead of them, and the "yellow, red and blue" attached to the North Pole, or some other pole.

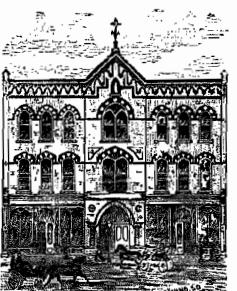
A good work has been done in all these northern towns—particularly the central corps, where a number of drink victims have been saved, some of whom are now in heaven. The condition of these towns is much the same as compared with their population. This northern district is very difficult in many respects. Money is scarce and the people are often compelled to take accounts for the depression which seems to have for the effect of making people indifferent to appeals for practical sympathy, or to those higher appeals which pertain to their soul's welfare. Hence the work is difficult financially, and soul-saving is not as successful as in other sections of the Province of West Ontario. The main feature is farming, and the soil many sections is poor.

PETROLIA.—Ensign Wakefield took charge of this District at the recent change. The central corps is good, and has some fine soldiers. The town's people are very genial, generous and warm-hearted, which accounts for the work having always maintained an efficient standing. Some

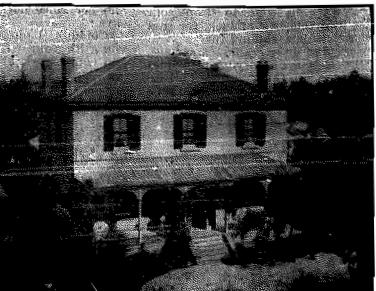
splendid cases of conversion have taken place, and the work continues to go on. Sarnia is rather difficult, but has mellowed towards the Army during the past two years. Forest has had a good work done, but is rather fluctuating. Thedford has a good solid band of soldiers, and the town is very friendly. Wyoming is very small in population, and our little Salvation band bravely plod along, making the



STAFF-CAPTAIN and MRS. PHILLIPS, Chancellors.



LONDON CITADEL.



LONDON RESCUE HOME.

most of the little opportunities of the present, which means greater ones entrusted in the future.

STRATFORD.—Adjt. Hughes has just jumped from saucious Chatham into classic Stratford, and will have command of one of the best Districts in the Province. The central corps is a gem, and has a backbone in its Local Officers, soldiers and bandsmen that the devil would like to break—but it's

made of something stronger than tape. We shall hear of some remarkable advances from here in the near future. This is a great railway town, and, as a rule, railway men are generous towards the Army, which might have something to do with the high place the Army holds in the sympathy and respect of the community. And what wonder? What a mighty work has been done!

Sepherth, too, has its record. A minister of a certain evangelical church stated in the pulpit not long ago, that there was no need of the Army in that town. The books give the following results among saved drunkards alone:

- 16 cases.
- Arrested (about) 45 times.
- 240 years spent in drunkenness.
- Converted 93 years.
- 12 are raters.
- 12 are soldiers.
- 4 are members of other denominations.

We leave the matter for our readers to decide. These figures give a PART of the work done for ONE CLASS alone. If he wanted further results he had but to look over the congregation and he would see quite a little of the Army's work from which he was getting the most benefit. And in that Sepherth stands alone.

Clanton and Goderich have had a fair quota among saved drunkards. The former has an efficient band and a fine lot of soldiers. The latter has not many soldiers but the community are very favorable to the Army. Towards the shores of Lake Huron the winter is rather a dull season, and the officers work to keep their eyes open and their brains active to keep out of debt. Bayfield, with its few hundred of population has a fine little Blood-and-Fire corps.

SIMCOE.—Adjt. Myles has held the affairs of this District for the past year. The central corps has some real old "stand-bys," and a good work has been done. Woodstock has been coming along nicely, and with several local improvements made during the past year, promises to rise to its former glory as a star of the first magnitude. Speed on, thou sparkling diamond, and rest not till thou hast journeyed past the clouds of stagnation that now surround thee! The light shall no longer be dimmed! The band is coming on nicely. Tilsington is still marching on, though Norwell is catching up and may surprise a few if they don't get a better gait on.

(We regret being unable to obtain a photo of the District Officer.—Ed.)

WINDSOR.—Ensign McGarg has held the reins of this District for some months. Progress is marked in all the affairs of the District. The central corps is doing well, and a good work has been done. It is quite a manufacturing town, but outside of it there is little but farming, and considerably to the detriment of a degenerating industry tobacco growing. The latter does not appear to become of much importance. Essex and Leamington are doing well, and the work of the past 12 or 14 years is still being added to, while the element of permanency in the results that have been accomplished was never more marked than now.

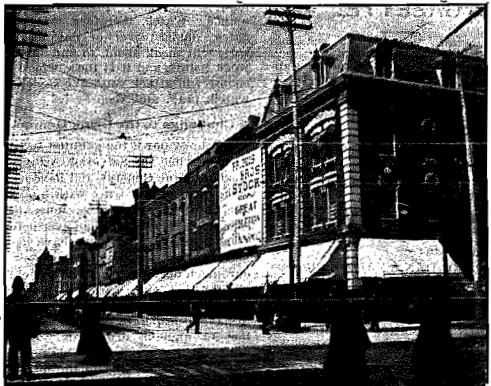
LONDON.—This District is run from P. H. Q. The central corps has a fine lot of soldiers—about 120 on the roll. A fine work has been accomplished. The brass band is a model for unity, hard work, and readiness to rally to any part of the extention of the Kingdom. Moreover, they hold the championship of the Dominion in the late Self-Denial effort. The Army holds a warm place in the appreciation of the citizens, and the press is very favorable. St. Thomas is doing well and continues to add to its former triumphs, though our work cannot be

always been a prominent feature of the corps.

Stratford and Watford are running along nicely, and show some improvement—especially the former.

Things are quiet commercially, which has the usual effect upon our operations, but it is a tribute to the Army's government, economy, and discipline,

that a young concern can meet and survive these trying disadvantages.



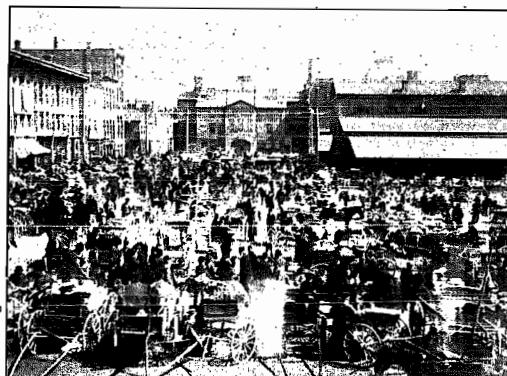
DUNDAS STREET, LONDON, ONT.

Capt. Smith, the Cushtier, is a product of the Berlin corps (Ont). He is quite an artist and can turn his hand to almost anything. Has been in the service about five years. Thus in the five members of the Provincial Staff, there are about 70 years of S. A. warfare represented.

Our Brave Officers.

Did he not sometimes almost sink beneath
The burden of his care, and wearied
To step above his stanchions, and see
A sorrowing plane upon his childhood's home—
Still green in memory? Clung not to his heart
Some fond remembrance of a home he left,
Of earthly thought unclouded? Did he bring
Life's warm affections to the sacrifice—
How often did he dream of home as one
Enclosing no kindred but a perishng world,
No love but of the sin-endured soul?
No hope but of the hereafter? Yet
Of the dead nations, and no passing thought
Save of the errand wherewith he was sent
As to a martyrdom?" —Whittier.

Nothing could better express the necessary price paid by our officers than these lines of the poet, who penned them in honor of a friend who had gone as a missionary to India. The conditions of unfettered service for God have always been, and are everywhere the same. The Saviour of



MARKET SQUARE, LONDON, ONT.

The x marks our favorite open-air stand.

properly estimated because of the transient character of a part of its population. Since the opening of the new barracks, new interest has been created and the crowds have increased. Lurgessall is distinctly an Army town. They believe in the Blood-and-Fire. The commercial standing of the town is well maintained, and thus a good backbone has

which points to possibilities under better conditions.

The Provincial Staff.

Major and Mrs. Southall are the Provincial Officers, and since their taking command of the Province has steadily advanced. They have together seen over thirty years of active service in the Army. The Major was drafted to Canada in '84, from the Clapton Training Homes, London, Eng., and after three field appointments was promoted to the staff. He has held the position of Divisional Officer for many years—Editor of the War Cry—Chancellor, and Provincial Officer.

Mrs. Southall was converted and a soldier at Barrie, Ont. She entered the Field in April, '84. After serving as Lieutenant for some months was promoted to Captain and had command of the following corps—Midland, Guelph, Ingersoll, Woodstock and Hamilton I. Was married on relinquishing command of the latter, in 1887.

Staff-Capt. Phillips, the Chancellor, is an old veteran, having served 16 years—service. His "in and out" Blood-and-Fire outfit is well known. He has served as P. O. Manager of the Printing Department four years, and held different staff positions.

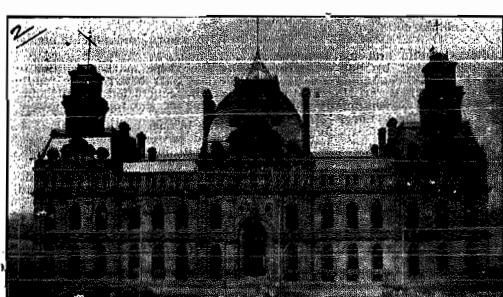
Mrs. Staff-Capt. Phillips has seen service for about the same period as her husband. She has had several commands as a Field Officer in England, and is well-known to readers of the War Cry through her frequent contributions to its pages.



MRS. MAJOR SOUTHALL.

the world could not save Himself, and the world has not changed its attitude to those who condemn its folly and wrongs, its hypocrisy and pride, etc. While the world loves its own, and people continue to plumb themselves in the "fool's paradise" of carnal enjoyment, will hate and despise those who disturb their moments of pleasure—and curse those who tell them "the servant is not above his lord," is a mighty philosophy which has its application to the latter end of the nineteenth century as in the first. Still, these "saviours" of others accept the conditions without murmuring, rejoicing in the results of the present lives blessed and brightened—and are

(Continued on page 12.)



LONDON TOWN HALL.

In this building happened the terrible catastrophe of December 31st, 1807. A mass meeting was being held relative to the Mayoralty election, when the beam supporting the floor gave way, and precipitated hundreds of people into the basement. About two hundred people were killed and wounded.

GAZETTE.

Promotions—

Lieutenant Ruth Crego to be Captain.
 Lieutenant Wm. Owen to be Captain.
 Lieutenant Brown to be Captain.
 Lieutenant Sleeth to be Captain.
 Lieutenant Glover, Hillsboro, to be Captain.
 Cadet Habirkir, Rat Portage, to be Lieutenant.
 Cadet Oakley, Hamilton Rescue Home, to be Lieutenant.

Appointments—

ADJT. JORDAN, of Toronto Rescue Home, to Halifax Rescue Home.
 ENSIGN BECKSTEAD, resting, to Helena Rescue Home.
 ENSIGN CUMMINS, G. B. M. Agent North-West Province, to Neepawa Corps.
 ENSIGN ANNIE HAYES, Regina, to Devil's Lake Corps and District.
 Capt. Glover to Bismarck.
 Capt. Crego to Trenton.
 Capt. Owen to Sunbury.
 Capt. Brown to Perth.
 Capt. Sleeth to Prescott.
 Lieut. Habirkir to Bismarck.
 EVANGELINE C. BOOTH, Field Commissioner.



The Siege.

Gathering Force.

Again we are able to report an increase in the enthusiasm, energy and direct results of the Siege during the past week. The Commissioner's meetings in Newfoundland have set our forces on the island blazing with white-hot zeal, and all previous records have been eclipsed. From Provincial centre, District Officers and corps of all grades, messages have come which unmistakably indicate that the Siege tactics are being carried out with telling effect. This is as it should be. We have Right on our side, and, although in carnal warfare brute force often triumphs over a righteous cause, yet, in our spiritual warfare we know it to be an indis-

EASTERN SIEGE WIRE.

St. John, N. B., Jan. 11, '90.

The War Cry,
 Salvation Temple,
 Toronto.

BRIGADIER PUGMIRE HAS JUST CONDUCTED MOST PROFITABLE FOUR DAYS' STAFF AND FIELD COUNCILS. OVER NINETY OFFICERS PRESENT. SIEGE, JUNIOR WAR, AND PUBLICATION SYSTEM RECEIVED SPECIAL ATTENTION. OFFICERS ENTHUSIASTIC, AND CAN BE RELIED UPON TO PUSH



LATEST WIRE!

ST. JOHNS, Nfld., Feb. 10.

Field Commissioner's Tour around Bay was a gigantic success and excelled her previous visit. Halls far too small. Soul-stirring addresses. Captivates audiences. Children take immense. Packed buildings till midnight. Crowd welcomed Commissioner at station. British Hall packed long before meeting. Admission ten cents. Souls at every place. Soldiers all on fire. Siege Booming.

J. D. SHARP.



NOTE TO OFFICERS.

Respecting the Reading of the Field Commissioner's Article.

Officers should, if at all possible, arrange for three different people to read the Field Commissioner's article. "Drink's Triple Trail," each person to read one of the parts marked: Drink's World, Drink's Work, and Drink's Woe.

It will considerably add to the effect of the reading to introduce a song at the end of each section. The following songs will be appropriate:

To be sung when the first part, "Drink's World," has been read:

Solo.

To the front, the cry is ringing,
 To the front, your place is there,
 In the conflict men are wanted,
 Men of hope and faith, and prayer,
 Selfish ends shall claim no right
 From the battle's post to take no,
 Fear shall vanish in the fight,
 For triumphant God shall make us one.

Chorus.

No retreating, hell defeating,
 Shoulder to shoulder we stand,
 God looks down, with glory crowns
 Our conqu'ring band.

To sing at the conclusion of the second part, "Drink's Work:"

Solo.

Have you heard the voice of weeping,
 Have you heard the wail of woe,
 Have you seen the fearful reaping,
 Of a soul that sinks below?
 Rous them, who by Christ are freed,
 Head them, heed the world's great need,
 To save the lost, like Him Who saved you,

Forward speed!

Chorus.

With sword and shield, etc.

Sing the verse marked in the text of the last part between the reading, and at the conclusion let all join in the slugging of the following:

See the brazen hosts of hell,
 Art and power employing;
 More than human tongue can tell,
 Blood-bought souls destroying.
 Hark! from ruin's ghastly road,
 Victims groan beneath their load,
 Forward! oh ye sons of God,
 And dare ye die for Jesus.

Chorus.

Storm the forts of darkness,
 Bring them down, bring them down,
 Storm the forts of darkness,
 Bring them down, bring them down,
 Pull down Satan's kingdom where'er
 He holds dominion;
 Go, storm the forts of darkness,
 Glory, honor to the Lamb!
 Praise and power to the Lamb!
 Glory, honor, praise and power
 Be forever to the Lamb!

THE LATEST FROM THE FIELD COMMISSIONER.

ST. JOHNS, Nfld., Feb. 9, 1899.

Indescribable meetings at Carbonear, Brigus and Bay Roberts. We had the largest halls packed an hour before commencement of meetings, in spite of the admission charges. Great crowds turned away. Prayer meetings extremely difficult, owing to the fact that aisles were blocked with the crowds staying right through the meetings. Officers and soldiers are full of Heaven's electric fire. Officers and soldiers are praying, singing, shouting and believing for the salvation of the whole island. They are a precious and devoted lot. Thirty-two souls at the penitent-form. Newfoundland forever!

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER.





By Evangeline Booth, Field Commissioner.

DRINK'S WORLD.



TS paths, inlaid with snare and ruin, run from the highest and most cultured places of our most enlightened lands, down through the darkest alleys of poverty and pauperism, and into the lowest vaults of infamy and vice. There is no thoroughfare so wide, no hut so desolate, no cave so hidden, no nation so fair, no strand so laden with disastrous wreck, but where the heavy tread of this monster, Drink, with either the wail of destruction in its tramp, or with its venomous sting hidden by its deluding glare, has been heard in its funeral march.

It dwells in marble halls ; the most gorgeous tapestry bedecks its chambers ; the walls through which it glides are spacious and imposing ; it is no stranger to the art of the most beautiful—skill, the most elaborate ; the floors over which its stealthy feet glide are often marble, the ceilings of gilded fretwork, the frescoed walls upon which it casts its shadows are of mahogany and satinwood ; its blazing gas-jets in globes of dainty hues hang from massive brackets ; its ear is accustomed to the sweetest strains of most cultured music, into which it will only too surely introduce all the dirges of minor keys ; its envious eye rests with ravishing greed upon the beauteous form of fairest creature, and the most elegant spread of glorious nature, and most artistic skill displayed in picture, with thirst to cast its blight on all.

INFANTICIDE AND SUICIDE.

A lady, extravagantly dressed, holding by the hand a sweet little boy of some six years, also displaying all taste and plenty in his attire, accompanied by a nurse with a fair baby of six months in her arms, attended one of my more select meetings in the Old Country.

She seemed to take something of a fancy to me, and waited to speak to me at the conclusion of the meeting. I felt some affinity with her—perhaps it was the hidden sorrow, of which I knew nothing, drew in an imperceptible way upon my sympathy. But we talked happily over a cup of tea, in the vestry ; I kissed the children, prayed with them, and blessed them.

We met occasionally after this. I was to have gone to her home, but never found the time. She frequently sent the little boy to see me, and the only thing that impressed me strangely was when asking of his father, the nurse became very agitated, and would change the conversation. One night, at the conclusion of a large meeting, to my surprise, I found the nurse sitting in the lobby, with a face white as death.



"I found the nurse sitting in the lobby, with a face white as death."

I asked why she did not come into the meeting, and enquired the reason of her being out with the boy at such a late hour ; she burst into bitter wailing ; I could get no response to my questions. Turning to the boy, I asked if his mother was sick. He replied :

"No ! Nurse cries because mother has gone away with baby."

Then the girl, burying her head in her hands, said : "Oh ! my mistress has gone to jail."

"To jail ?" I gasped.

"Yes ! she has killed the baby ; she put laudanum in its milk by mistake—she was drunk."

A letter afterwards told me she had committed suicide.

Yes ! they fall as a star from the very heavens—to a cinder in hell.

But drink stays not there. It sits at the hearth of the humbler home ; it gazes with hideous smile upon the honest toil for bread ; it creeps up-stairs ; it glitters on the table in the little festivities of the happy home, lurking behind the damnable argument of the harmlessness of moderate drinking, while with hungering designs it lays its plans with

careful calculation as to the little time it will take to snatch the pretty blue frock from the little form, and the pretty pink flush from the little cheek, the good warm boots from the little feet, the carpet from the floor, and the clock from the shelf ; the gladness from the mother's eye, and the honor from the father's heart ; the bread from the cupboard, and the fire from the grate.

But drink stays not there ! Through the courts and alleys its blood-besmeared feet hasten with a rapidity only lent to absolute and complete destruction ; down into the cellars, up into the garrets ; hid away in sheds ; in any and every hole that can shelter want and woe are to be found crawling, standing, sitting, leaning, kneeling, treading the slaves and victims of this dark passion—Drink ! Their faces are drawn with agony ; their reasons distorted with crime ; their names are blighted with shame ; their homes are gone ; their characters are gone—all over the counter for beer, all into the hotel-keeper's till, all into the brewer's pocket.

But Drink stays not here. It is the shadow behind the garish foot-lights of the stage. It is the demon glare thrown into the brilliancy of the ball-room. It is the frenzied fascination of the gambling-table. Its playthings are the fair babes of our cradles ; its merriment the tears of our wronged and bereaved ; its sport the haunted consciences of wretched man, and the delirious wanderings of maddened minds ; its nature the blood of its victims.

Its sky is blackened with the pall of death ; its rivers a multitude of fallen tears ; its atmosphere thickened with the wail of suffering. Drink is a Dragon thirsting for human blood ! It is a Monster with a rabid lust for human life ! It is a Pestilence which paralyzes the will, bewilders the brain ! It is a Flame, scorching and withering all it touches ! It is the most active, the most powerful, the most successful enemy of the soul, for it is not one sin, it is all ! crushing the old, cursing the young, and blighting even the children.

The Demon of Drink says with Napoleon : "Gie me the children, and I will conquer the world."

DRINK'S WORK.

 It is gradual. Almost all drunkards were once moderate drinkers. There has never been known a man who has intended to be mastered by this power. The supposed harmlessness of the one glass has been the damnation of body and soul for a thousand times ten thousand men. Oh, this tasting of father's glass with the children, this having it in the cupboard, this countenancing and patronizing in part of what on the whole is a world-wide traffic of destruction, has just been the lighting of the fires which have consumed three parts of earth's best and brightest.

Of all arguments which to my mind are the most base in their gross distortions of natural reason, their contradiction of all conscience-dictates, and annihilation of all manly honor, are those which would plead in favor of drink in moderation, as though the fact of taking the death-drug in small quantities could change its nature—which nature is restless, untiring pursuit until all is devoured and destroyed.

*If Hell Heaven, because Hell
In little drops be given ?*

Oh, the thousands of young men who start with no greater desire or intention than to be in the fashion—they take the first glass in the high-class hotels of the city, but they have linked hands with the monster ; the grasp becomes tighter and tighter, until the touch of the friend is lost in the grip of the fiend. Listen ! The clock strikes twelve ! It is the death-knell of a soul ; the gas-jets intermingle their lights with the bleared glare of the youth ; the flush of his cheek is the breath of eternal woe. The saloon-keeper cuffs him, waking him from his drunken slumber, says it is time to close, throws him out—he's down—he's damned ! He began a moderate drinker in a first-class hotel—he finishes his dissipation an inveterate drunkard in the lowest saloon.

Banish the drink both in small and great quantities ! Banish it from your homes, from your children, from your wives, from your tables, from your cities, and, God helping you, from this our fair country.

FIVE YEARS' WORK.

One of my officers was driving through one of the border streets in a city of this country.

Attention was drawn to a tall, slight figure on the sidewalk ; a woman, who wore widows' weeds ; her attire gave evidence of a continual effort to retain neatness. The skirt was brushed threadbare, the boots were patched, the little bonnet was extremely worn. The figure halted, gave a quick look round, then stooped and snatched from the gutter a crust—then another



"The figure stooped . . . and snatched from the gutter a crust."

look round, and holding up her shawl to prevent all possible detection, began to gnaw away at the frozen bread.

The officer drew up the rig and sprang to her side saying, "You are hungry and in want. Can I help you?"

Her story was soon told. What a happy home, what a loving husband, what a beautiful baby she had once! "My lover, my sweetheart, my husband, my protector, my supporter, and my baby all carried away by the drink, sir—in five short years."

My honored and sainted mother, in her writings, speaks about the drink traffic as follows:—

"But not only is abstinence valuable, nay, indispensable, in order to preserve those rescued out of the power of this great destroyer, but it is equally valuable to prevent others from falling into it."

We all profess to believe that prevention is better than cure. Seeing then, that strong drink is proved to be the most dangerous foe to perseverance in righteousness, and the most potent cause of decension, inconsistency and apostasy, ought not Christians to strive, both by example and precept, to warn the young, the weak, and the inexperienced from touching it?

Can any man answer for the consequences of putting a bottle to his neighbor's mouth—be it ever such a small one, or ever such a genteel one? God has recorded His curse against the man who does this, and thousands of hoary-haired parents, broken-hearted wives, and weeping, blighted children groan their "Amen" to the dreadful sentence.

Perchance there are some men who can take these drinks in what they call moderation, and suffer no visible injury; nevertheless, let that man beware who touches that which God cursed, for there are injuries invisible more to be dreaded than all the plagues of Egypt!"

It is complete! I was just about ready to leave a city lately visited by me, when a lady stepping from a carriage was ushered into my room. Her countenance was of exceptional beauty, her apparel was of costly worth, her speech denoted education and refinement; putting out her hand she said, "My apology for taking up your time, Miss Booth, was my anxiety to speak to the only woman that has ever made me cry, and this I did all through your address last night." A few minutes' talk revealed the reason of the hot tears referred to.

The story ran much on all those things which used to be—loving home, beautiful nursery, the mother's care, the gentle training, the happy marriage, and then—always having been a moderate drinker—drink in greater quantities was the only receipt for relief from the grief and unexpected sorrow. And with bated breath and staring eye, she whispered, "It is the drink, Miss Booth! It has driven my husband from me, locked up my children in the convent, spent my fortune; it has shut the doors of my home, blasted my character, robbed my virtue—and now I am down: past the reach of any man, and even God Himself." And she gathered her cloak around her, and before I could speak she said, "I must go: you may tell my story to as many as you like—it may save some other creature who is as fair as I once was fair, from becoming as black as I now am black."

I say the work of drink is complete. It not only throws overboard every enjoyable feature of circumstances—running with the library and instruments to the pawnbrokers, but what is much more to be prized—he strips the subject himself of his priceless treasure—puts his hand down on reason and turns it into imbecility—puts his hand down on honor—honor with which none can part without bitter agony—and turns it to shame; puts its hand down on truth and turns it to craft and falsehood; puts its hand down on beauty, and so mars, scars, tears and hacks until no trace of loveliness can be found.

It stays not at taking the bloom from the cheek, but goes on until the death breezes fan it; it stays not at bent back, round shoulders, curved spine, and fractured limbs, but goes on until it lays the body in the grave.

Complete in its ruin of body, soul and mind!

I knew of a garret absolutely empty, but for the suffering form of a drunken woman and a few rags.

The birth of the baby boy that morning brought with it no maternal affection, but only the fervent prayer that it would die; not a rag was prepared for the unwelcome mite; its first bath was in the boiler, and its first covering part of an old garment torn from the back of his little sister. However, the poor little babe persisted in living, in spite of these

unwelcome circumstances, and nine days afterwards appeared with its mother in the county court.

The fact of the matter was that all the furniture had gone to meet the infurated demands of the unpaid landlord, but did not nearly satisfy the amount due.

"How can you pay this account?" asked the judge of the woman. Dividing her hands underneath the tattered shawl which covered her otherwise bare shoulders, she drew forth her naked babe, and holding it forth at her bony arm's length said, "You can take this if you like!"

The woman afterwards was heard

to sob out in the ears of her dark world's one friend, "I wor so mad that I hardly knew what I wor doin'!"



"You can take this, if you like."



DRINK'S WOE.

WHO can tell its story? What pen could write its tale? What heart could try the griefs of drink and woe?

Look at this procession if we can. Let God touch our imagination and help us to do so.

Their tread is ever languid, their faces never smile; their hearts are ever bleeding. Each day for them but brings new curses—new brutality—new hunger—new fear, and new dread.

If they pray, then with every awakening morning and every setting sun they ask God, the Creator, by pity of the sorrows, to number them with the dead.

A crowded court in Toronto—this city—in the prisoner's box stands a forlorn and desperate looking woman—a creature to whom one blushes to give the name of woman.

No small consternation is caused by a police official carrying over a chair to place on the steps where the witnesses stand.

The tiny hand clinging to the strong fingers of a stalwart constable is that of a baby witness, only four years old, whose little frail form is lifted up on the chair. You might have thought the sunlight concentrated all its golden glory in the ringlets of the hair, the skin was of snowy complexion, the features pinched with want, but correctly marked, and the eyes two large windows for the soul to look through.

Little Maggie was her name; she was the child of the woman in the prisoner's dock. She had been swung round and round by the hair, in her mother's drunken rage, and was brought to show the wounds, a proof of the story.

"Did your mother do this?" the child was asked. The lips parted to answer in the affirmative, when the little face was lifted to the pitiable object opposite her. Seeing the woman standing between two big policemen, she took in her mother's woeful position, and lifting her large eyes to the judge with a trembling quiver in the baby lips, and the wound plainly showing in her head, she said, "No sir; my mother never did it, my mother never did it!"

What a revision of God's loving purposes! A four-year old baby shielding and pleading for its mother!

This is not in a heathen land; this is in our own. This is in no barbarous country—this is on our doorstep; it runs through our streets. They are our own fair girls and our brave sons who sink beneath this dark tide, and are drawn into the vortex of this whirlpool!

Do I believe it? Yes, not only because I've heard so much of it, but because I've seen so much of it.

Why, only just near my own office, a little time back, in this beautiful city, a father killed his own son by driving the tailors' scissors into his heart. He was drunk. When sober, and told what he had done, he lost his reason with grief. Does it not behove us, as Christian men and women, should it not compel our churches where the word of God is upheld, where righteousness is contended for, and solace of all grief proclaimed, should it not constrain us as a Christian country to arise, and equipping ourselves with the weapons of Truth and Righteousness with irresistible perseverance, strike out at the enemy in season and out of season, with a force which springs from the knowledge of this sin, and from the accumulated wrongs, oppressions, griefs, sorrows, tears of Drink's Woe?

DAISY.

Daisy by name, and daisy indeed in form—a daisy in a slum, perhaps, but all the same a daisy, despite the pinched features, pale cheek, ragged frock and naked feet. She darts up the rickety stairway of the drunkard's home, and to the pale-faced mother, who plied her needle and thread until the early hours of the morning, holds up a bunch of faded flowers; and cries, "Look, mother, now I can sell them for something for you for supper." The little bare head and naked feet stand a long time in the biting wind of the winter's night, but no one buys. At last a well dressed man, to the delight of the child, asks:

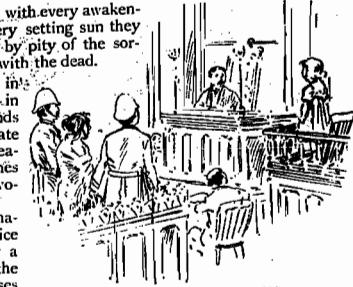
"And what d'yer want for them flowers, little un'?"

"Whatever you like to give, sir."

The heart of the purchaser, evidently touched by the pitiful, appealing glance of the eyes uplifted, gives ten cents, and a looker-on might have thought that the breath of the night had caught the child for the speed with which she passed down the street. It was the first silver coin the tiny fingers had clasped, and too excited to restrain her joy, immediately on reaching the wretched home, calls out as she climbs the rickety stairs:

"Oh, mother, mother, ten cents! A gentleman gave it to me—for the flowers—I have sold them. Look, mother!"—holding up the coin—"all shining."

Unfortunately, the father is there. He has heard the words "ten cents," and demands that the money be given him; the child crouches with horror behind the door of the garret.



"A baby witness, only four years old."



"What d'yer want for them flowers?"

"Give me that money," cries the father.

"No! no!" screams the child, "I have got it for mamma. It's to buy her something to eat. I've got it."

The man, enraged with drunken fury, saying, "I'll teach you to keep money from your father," lifts up his foot—a man's boot—with a boot on—a man's boot, and kicks the little figure against the opposite wall of the garret, which is splashed with her blood. He snatches the coin from the now unconscious fingers, and the monster of brutality stumbles downstairs, heedless of where his heavy boot has fallen, into the nearest saloon. He turns just as the man behind the bar is saying:

"Why, yer might have thought the little un had got wings fixed on there and then; she simply flew, bare feet, too; 'twern't the flowers, you know; no worth," pointing to the faded bunch lying on the bar; "but 'twere just to give her somethin'; I tell yer, now, I wish I'd given her more; she looked so pitiful and hungry, too—I believe she said her mother was sick; anyway, I never saw feet run like those little uns; I can't get the sight on her out of my eyes!"

The drunken father stayed no longer to hear more of the conversation, but turned conscience-smitten into the street. Just at that moment the throb of an Army drum and the ringing strains of cornets attracted attention. Not knowing whither to go he follows the procession into the barracks; the meeting goes on; somebody talks to him; somebody prays with him; somebody cries over him; and while they sing:

*All the waters of the sea cannot wash my sins away,
But thy precious blood can do the deed to-day;
Jesus, Jesus, while o'er my sins I grieve,
Thou canst receive me and cleanse, I believe.*

The man gets soundly converted; he hurries home up the stairs, tells his wife the story. He is never going to drink any more he says.

APOLLYON'S AUCTION.

By ENSIGN PERRY.

THE devil has an auction which is continually going on. It is a miscellaneous one, for everything is sold that will catch the eye and please the fancy. Those things are eagerly bought by the condemned crowd, who always attend the sale. The devil has scattered among the crowd a large number of agents or imps, who are continually whispering in the ears of his world-be patrons such words of encouragement to buy, that sales are much more easily made.

The devil is a good auctioneer. How easily he puts on a false representation regarding his offered goods. Strange to say, the fascination is such that people who have once been defrauded will again buy in hope of getting a bargain.

Ah, methinks I see the devil now as he mounts the auctioneer's stand, with his attending imps about him, and begins a sale.

A Lot of Liquor

is first handed up to him. He offers it by the case or bottle.

Holding up a bottle of whiskey first he asks for a bid. Does he hear one? Yes, in a moment. It's a young man who buys it. Forty cents it has cost him, says the crowd, and the devil puts up another one. No, but has forty cents been there the rent price? No, a thousand times, no! It has been infinitely more.

Would you unveil that young man's future? You would see what has been the real cost. An appetite for strong drink has been created, for it is his first bottle; then follow all the evils of a drunkard's life—a mother's broken heart, the bringing of others into misery by marriage, broken health, early grave and lost soul. What a price to pay for one bottle of whiskey!

I glance towards the auctioneer's stand again. I see the devil now offering

A Lot of Novels

for sale.

He has them in stacks by the stand. His agents pass them up to him as quickly as the people will buy. How readily they sell too. That is offered one with a striking title. A young girl is the first bidder. Thirty cents is the amount the people standing round have seen her give for it. She elbows her way out of the crowd to



"And kicks the little figure against the opposite wall."

With tears in the woman's eyes, scarcely knowing whether to believe it, she says, "Hush," and points to the little heap of rags and whiteness on the bed. The only color there was the heavy blood-stains on the brow.

"Oh, my God, have I killed her?" the man gasped.

"No, but you have kicked her eye out."

The marble-like figure stirred. "Oh, is that you, papa? Come here to me, papa; I am not dead, and I'm not sleeping. I have heard all you've said to mamma. Oh, I'm so glad you're made good, papa. I don't mind losing my eye, if you'll only be good and good to mamma. I would lose my two eyes to make you good."

The tall figure of the man went down in a heap at the child's side, and the two little arms blindly feeling, found their way round his neck.

"Papa," she asked, "could you sing one of the hymns they sing when they have those bright meetings?"

"Oh, Daisy, I can't sing; I don't know any good songs. I don't know nothing good yet."

"Well, could you just put your arm round me, papa? You know, like you never did, and hold me up and I will sing." The rough arm unaccustomed to expressions of affection or tenderness held up the little form, and the weak, trembling voice, with many quivers from darts of pain rang through the garret:

*There is a better world, they say, Oh, so bright!
Where sin and woe are done away, Oh, so bright!
There music fills the balmy air,
And angels with bright wings are there,
And harps of gold, and mansions fair, Oh, so bright!*

and an angel kissing the cheek, bore the little spirit to the land of which the child spoke, while the broken-hearted father poured on the face, cold in death, the hot and passionate kisses that should have been given in life. The little darling did give her two eyes and the gift thrust open the flood-gates of parental affection and let loose the rivers of redeeming grace.

Strike out at Drink, this giant foe of virtue and peace with a hand that will not stay, and a heart that will not relent, and feet that will not halt until we have driven the enemy without our gates, and our land stands an example of soberness and happiness in the front rank of all the countries of the world.

have a comfortable read. One standing near say, "What a lot of comfort she will have from it." It is her first novel, and what really has she paid for it? Thirty cents is but the first cost. A passion for novel reading has been created before she is half through the book. Then who follows? Two hours, wretched with inability to satisfy the mind to solid literature, neglect of daily duties, neglect of God, a lost soul—all for a novel!

What next do I see passed up for sale?

A Pack of Cards.

"How much am I offered?" says the devil, and the imps echo the words to those standing at the outskirts of the crowd who may not have caught them in the auctioneer's sales. "Ten cents, yes, there is a bid right off. Who is it?" A middle-aged man.

The price is paid to the attending imp, and the man leaves, to be followed by several others, for a man doesn't play cards alone. The people say he has given twenty-five cents for the cards, but let us see. He is a gambler, his associates gamblers. That very night around a table in a secret place the playing and gambling begins. The betting money is placed in the hands of the stakeholder. Each one is on the xiong to win.

What about the man who bought the cards? Ah, he has lost, lost again. Finally he finds himself ruined. He thinks of his true-hearted wife and loving children at home. He can't tell them of his failure. No, no! He takes out his revolver and then in a pool of blood he is seen upon the floor—life gone, soul lost—the price of the things the Lord hates.

Next I see an imp leading something towards the crowd. What is it? It cannot be brought on the auction stand, but it stands by itself, in full view of the people,

Finery, Finery, Finery."

shouts the devil. "How much am I offered for these hats?" How the women look! What eager eyes are cast towards the becoming obloids. What do I hear? A little imp whispering in the ear of a young woman. "Just what you want, Miss. See the blending of color. Just suit your complexion. The right shade of green to match that dark red. You must buy it before it goes."

"I've the money," replied the young lady, "but I really want it for other things, and can't afford the hat."

"But," says the imp, "you must keep up your appearance in dress, and there is an easy way I know of getting money."

Soon the hat is knocked down to the desiring girl. "It cost ten dollars and we will see her out in it to-morrow," says her friends. She passes home, I try to estimate the real cost of the hat.

The young girl takes the imp's alic and says her virtue, for she must appear well. Life demands she do it?" says her chitterling companion, but soon it is all out. Her character is gone. A fearful price is paid for the hat. Friends shun her, parents cast her off, life's gaiety becomes a past enjoyment, disease takes hold—then a dark dying hour, with no loving mother to soothe the dying pillow—bitter remorse—dante—lost soul!

But what about the other hat? A middle-aged woman is the buyer.

Finally it is paid. No, no, exceeding more for she has been but other hats at similar auction sales, and this is only a part of the long list of extravagant expenditure. Who pays for the fifteen dollar hats? The poor husband who is trying to keep his head above water and meet the demands of his fashionable family. He is a book-keeper and not getting an extra-large salary. His family must look as nice as that of his employer, and the expenses must come from somewhere. The husband must come from somewhere.

The things the Lord hates. To fulfill the thought of becoming a defaulter, but, no, it can't be otherwise. He'll be ruined if he don't. He must run the risk and take the money. It is done, and soon it is found out. Penitentiary and disgrace follow—this is the real price of the hat, and other things similarly bought. It does cost a lot to nurture pride, which is one of the things the Lord hates.

Next I see an imp leading something towards the crowd. What is it? It cannot be brought on the auction stand, but it stands by itself, in full view of the people,

A Fine Race Horse.

"Somebody make me a bid," cries the devil, and fifteen hundred dollars is shouted by a certain individual.

"What, mister?" says an imp close at hand. "You don't know the value of that horse; she is just the right size, and a runner, too. I saw her bring in a man \$500 the other day at a race. She is really worth two thousand, and you'll soon get it back."

"Eighteen hundred," cries a contemporary, which stirs up the aforementioned individual to offer two thousand. The horse is sold to him and led off by an imp to the buyer's stable.

The race day comes. The two thousand dollar horse is brought forth.

Certainly she is going to win. The owner has placed a goodly sum at her back, but—she loses. Someone has a swifter horse. He tries again, but is beaten. He has to draw heavily from his income. He has already paid out in betting one thousand dollars more. He has, as well, neglected his business, his family, and worse of all, his immortal soul. Does anyone a price do you say? Infinitely too dear."

"What next?" says the devil to his attending agent.

"Books, infidel books, sir, nice ones,

From the Best Authors."

"Now we have it," says the devil. "Infidel works singly or by the lot, make me a bid."

A young man stands before him. He can't buy the lot, so bids on one. The dollar he has paid—but wait, is that the real price? No, only the first cost. Let us look at the future. The young man's belief in God's wisdom and love first becomes shaken. He leaves the Bible. Why didn't he seem them before? He says:

"I'm not going to be weak enough to follow mother's teachings any longer. It was right for her; it was comforting in her last hours, but I'm a man, and I'm going to be free, a follower of Ingwers."

Let us lift the veil. What is life to him? He tries to banish all hell from God, but can't. Then follows dissipation in the extreme. He finally takes a life-gallows next—then a sad realization of hell's tortures. What a price for a few pages of infidel notions!

Time is passing, I cannot stay longer at the sale, but as I pass out I hear the devil offering some tickets for worldly pleasure—a ticket to the Sunday excursion, a ticket to a theatre, a ticket to a dancing school. I hear the fiddlers, and then the imps shouting out that the people have made good bargains.

Then I go home to think of the cost—
THE COST—social interests forefet, lives blighted, God's laws disregarded, all at the expense of the soul. Then I take up the Bible and read in St. Matthew:

"What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

"I am quite sure that God meant us to constantly bear in mind that life is short, opportunity fleeting, the soul immortal, the destinies of the soul deeply colored, if not forever fixed by the actions of to-day." For-

(Continued from page 7.)

encouraged by the assurance of reward in the future.

They are a plucky, cheerful, loyal, Blood-and-Fire lot, which accounts largely for the triumphs that have been recorded through years of faithful service.

Our Loyal Troops.

"Hard fighting makes good soldiers" is said. This may be true of some of the sterling fighting qualities of the officers and soldiers of this old battle-field. The accomplishments of this gallant force in the annual financial efforts, War Cry boom, Siege, etc., give ample evidence of their prowess and valor. When one remembers that in the 40 places where regular operations are carried on, the combined population is scarcely more than that of the City of Toronto itself, and that looks like the record afforded by the monthly statistics, one is forced to the conclusion that the days of mil-eces are not past.

Our Local Officers and bandsmen are a source of strength to the work, and are fine examples, as a rule, in enthusiasm, loyalty and hard work.

223 Saved Drunkards.

With a view to obtaining information we have made enquiries as to the number of habitual drunkards who have been converted in the Province, with the following results:

223 cases. Arrested 721 times, and 454 times fined or imprisoned; spent 3,436 years in drunkenness, and 2,000 in sobriety and industry since converted. Instead of being a burden to the country, the ratepayers are relieved by the fact that 140 of the above are now ratepayers. These figures are from 35 corps, the balance not sending their replies in time. These figures are far from complete, as in some corps records have been lost, while a good deal of work not recorded have been done at outposts, etc., and there has also been a large number of "transients." Thus it would be absolutely safe to double these figures, and then your readers will only have a fair idea of what God has used the Army to accomplish in a population of less than 200,000, and the bulk of which professes, at least, adherence to some church, while perfectly ignorant of the actual church members.

Of the above figures 29 have died, and were buried, with a few exceptions, "neath the yellow, red and blue." 147 are soldiers to-day. 53 have gone to other denominations, of which some are earnest workers, and hold responsible positions in the church. These figures represent our work among ONE CLASS only.

Advances.

ANNUAL EFFORTS.—The Harvest Festival has gone up year by year, until the total of \$2,250 was reached in 1898.

The Self-Denial effort also has gradually increased year by year, having reached the magnificent total of \$3,783 in 1898.

War Cry sales.—These have also increased in a most marked manner. The Province sells about a thousand more copies weekly than it did a year ago, which, with its weekly circulation of over 5,000, means three copies to every 100 of the population, and reaching 100,000 to each person, so that the "Cry" is read by 15 persons in every hundred—or read by 25,000 persons in West Ontario every week.

The J. S. and other features of the work are making advances, and the officers and soldiers are taking hold of the Siege in a spirit that will mark the most striking advances we have yet recorded.

1,392 SOULS HAVE PROFERSED CONVERSION DURING THE YEAR.

The Rescued Home.

Considering the population the work in this institution is most remarkable and successful. The following figures speak for themselves:

In Home commencement of year, 13 Number admitted during year and readmitted from hospital. 65. Total, 78.

How disposed

of: Sent to friends, 15; sent to hospital, 15; sent to institutions, 31; mar-

OUR WEEKLY BIBLE LESSON.

JOSEPH, THE FAVORITE.

Genesis xxxvii, 1-11.

HIS brothers envied him. Joseph was the pot of Jacob, for he was the first-born of Rachel, the wife he had loved so constantly, and possibly there was much resemblance between Joseph and Rachel. Then Joseph had inherited from his mother a tender, guileless and truthful spirit. He was doubtless superior in many ways to his brethren, and they envied him. And Abraham, since he was perhaps too partial to Joseph, yet his brethren, being older, had no just cause to conceive such an envy for their younger brother. But it is always so with an unregenerated heart, which will not tolerate even a just and well-earned recognition given to a better man.

Joseph was an innocent boy, too little acquainted with evil thought and calculating suspicion to notice that the telling of his peculiar dreams and the special marks given to him by his father would arouse envy and jealousy in his brethren's heart. They could not even "speak peaceably unto him." Envy makes a person's conduct disagreeable; it poisons the mind, chills the heart, making it even less susceptible of true affection for any human being.

Yet affection for a good, obedient and gifted child may often lead to a very marked difference in the treatment of other children, who consider such slights as equal to actual contempt. The greatest cause of discord among brethren, however, is comparison.

"John would not do such a thing—John knows how to act in a proper way—John is more modest than you," and so on. The other children are made to feel that there is a great difference between the pet, popular John.

While Joseph doubtless was deserving of all the affectionate attention bestowed upon him by Jacob, yet it was

step 1: handed back to authorities, 1; unchristian, 3; still in Home, 12. Total, 28.

Staff-Capt. Cowan and her aides deserve every commendation for their patience and faithful toll.

Our Shelter.

Capt. Long has worked faithfully to make the Institution a benefit to all who come within its walls. During the three months ending December, the following results are shown by the books: Meals supplied, 4,546; beds, 2,614; temporary employment wns found for 75 persons, and permanent employment for 7.

Properties.

We have 32 properties in this Province, several having the quarters combined with the barracks. The Citadel is admirably adapted to our purpose and is splendidly situated. The West Ontario Bible Society rents the one store, and the Shelter has the other. On the two flats upstairs are the Principals' Offices, Officers' Quarters, Chaplain's Quarters, Shelter dormitories, Shelter Officers' Quarters, etc. The large auditorium is at the rear, with small hall downstairs and Janitor's Quarters.

The new St. Thomas property follows for convenience and appearance, though by no means the most costly.

Our former esteemed Canadian comrades, E. R. g. d'ler and Mrs. Scott, are now just across the border. Here is their greeting to old friends:

"How are you all? Happy New Year! God bless you! Love to Canada, its sons and daughters. Ta - ta. — W. T. Scott."

WEDNESDAY.

The Servant Shall be as His Lord. Matt. x. 25.

The highest honor that can be conferred upon the servant of Christ is to bear the reproach of the Cross. The more likeness that our lives bear to our Lord's, the more pronounced will the attitude of the world be toward us. We cannot expect to receive better grace at its hands than He did. It may be that not only people but apparently even God Himself if consistently unwilling His will we can afford to have the misrepresentations of the world, and though "now through a glass darkly," we look to the time when we shall see Him Who endured such contradiction of sinners "face to

THURSDAY.
The Reward of Service.—Daniel vi.

16-23.

The world is half-full of people who ask, as did Job's wife, with a disagreeable sneer, "Does the Christian serve God for nought?" Such sore straits as Daniel found himself in, when cast into the lion's den, declare the sure recompence which God gives for service. His deliverances are wages whose measure is pressed down and running over, and more than reward the service which is a son's bounden duty, as well as our pleasure, to fulfil.

FRIDAY.

Serving One Another.—Gal. v. 13.

There are plenty of people who are willing enough to worship God, and even to give tithes of their possessions to His service, but when it comes to loving their neighbor as themselves and serving him too, they stop short. They forget that to please God they must fulfill the second great commandment in unison with the first, "Return to God and duty to man must go hand in hand. Christ's example, when He washed His disciples' feet shows us how humble and loving should be our service of others.

SATURDAY.

External Service.—Rev. vii. 14-17.

That this life does not sever the bond that binds us to our Master, is a happy thought. Of the occupations of the streets of gold we have no more definite knowledge than that we shall "serve Him day and night." And we are content with this. The bard tasks undertaken here, the sorrow and the crying are fitting us for perfect service in that perfect Land, where He is and where our work will be done in a more direct sense under the personal supervision of our Lord.

Sisters of the Cross.

Our Duty to Serve.—Luke xvii. 10.

We do not show favor by serving Christ, we are favored by being permitted to enter His service. Neither do we do more than our duty by fulfilling the details of our servanthood. "His servants shall serve Him." His love, His mercy, His protection and provision for us claims and highest and most thorough service. Let us be His servants in more than name alone.

MONDAY.

How to Serve.—I Chron. xxviii. 9.

A perfect heart and a willing mind are the qualifications for serving God successfully and acceptably. A perfect heart, i.e., a pure heart, a godly heart, with sincere motives and affections is the spring of doing His will faithfully. A willing mind, i.e., a mind governed by a submissive will, a mind which says "Yes," to every command and delight to fulfil it.

TUESDAY.

Faithful in Few as in Much.—Matt.

xv. 14-30.

The using of all that God has given is the most and the least that God asks of His every follower. The profitable servant was not commanded because he had five talents given him, but because he had used those five, and the man who has only one talent thought that was no use, and so, by hiding it left the Lord's pleasure and his talent too. Because we have only one gift—and that a very small one—we are not excused from turning it to some account.

An immediate extension of the Slum Work is the General's latest intention. The London War Cry contains full particulars if this important new feature. The "Sisters of the Poor" will be essentially helpers of the poor, and will continue that mission which will soon earn for them the title of Slum Angels. Only there will be more of them. The General says:

"After long waiting, the new method of Slum Operations, described some time ago, has at length been got fairly started. Had I space and time, I would describe it and push it on the attention and prayers of every lover of the Poorest of the Poor. I believe the Sisters in it the elements calculated to produce a revolution in the miserable conditions of the desolate occupants of these gloomy huts in which so many of the inhabitants of our rich and luxurious cities have to live."

Columbus Coombs, the British Commander, calls for volunteers, and it is hoped that many friends and soldiers with leisure and aptitude will step forward and offer part of their available time for brightening the homes of the sick and otherwise suffering poor. The conditions are simple. Here are three of them:

"1. They must wear Slum Uniform while on duty, and must be prepared to place themselves under the direction of Slum Officers.

"2. They must devote at least six hours per week to Slum Work in such places as may be directed.

"3. They must undertake this work as a labor of love, without expectation of fee or reward."



DON'T come here for any good, but I can't help it—for I can't stay away," was a young man's reply to my question. "Why do you come to a place like this?"

He was a fine fellow, with a clear, beautiful brow, a kindly heaving eye, and a good and intelligent appearance. Our meeting in the barracks had closed, and I had accepted the invitation of the officer in charge of the corps of the town to visit the saloons, gambling dens and houses of ill repute to sell the *Cry*, invite the inmates to our special meetings, and if perchance an opportunity presented itself, to drop a word here or there in the interests of a soul's salvation. "We'll go in full uniform," was the mutual agreement between us, and so each with a huddle of *Crys* under our arms, we saffled forth.

It was nearing the hour of Saturday night when I found my friend standing, a rather loughing, with his back to the wall, in a densely crowded gailey theatre. The atmosphere was thick with the mixed stench of whiskey and rum, ale and beer, and tobacco and cigar smoke, of which there was an abundant prorusion. The congregation, I soon discovered, were all men—the entertainers, women, Music, and songs, and stage performances were going on at the other end of the hall, upon which the feelings of the attention of every single individual, except the "gentlemen" waiters, and the "lady" entertainers, appeared to be set.

How such a smart, gentlemanly young fellow, with such evident traces of previous good training, could be so interested and amused, I could not imagine; hence, after asking him to purchase a War Cry, and receiving no answer to the negative my question to him, "Did you ever have a praying mother, my friend?" his eyes immediately filled with tears, and a choking sensation came into his throat, as he endeavored to prevent a closer and more personal enquiry by replying, "Thank you, Captain, for your kindness, I will buy a War Cry now—and here, Bill, is one for you—I think, also, I will take one and mail it to mother."

The eyes of too many young men, and of one or two of the ladies present were now turned our way to allow me with acceptance to go much further, for I could plainly see his disposition would quickly resent too much prodding under such circumstances. I would not, however, miss the opportunity of again asking "why" he stayed there, and so invited him to the salvation meeting the following day.

"The 'Salvationists'—yes, sir, 'God will help you, my friend,' if you will give Him the chance. He seeks! Come and see me at the hall, at 3 p.m. to-morrow. That would not be too early to suit you, would it?"

The dear fellow then leaned forward and in a low, quiet voice, told me something as to his own personal besetments which I could not very properly put on paper, with the further apology, "But, Captain, I can't help it."

Since my heart has often ached for that young man, who alas! is but a type of hundreds, nay thousands more, who, overcome by their passions, and mastered by their besetments, are the sad subjects of sin's slavery, for there is a possibility of so giving in to

the practice of sin and evil habit that it cummings and gradually, yet surely, steals from you all power of resistance, and holds you in terror, a completely conquered prisoner.

"I can't help it," says the drunkard, as with staggering feet and muddled brain, with fiery breath and empty pocket, with burning throat and bloodshot eyes, he stumbles into the ABODE, which ought to be a HOME, but which, being robbed of comfort, denied of happiness, and bared with poverty, is a cold, dark, dreary, and shameful abode. The wife is too broken-hearted in the wretched dungeon of bare walls and floors, with its fireless stove and empty cupboard, with its crouching, shivering children, whose crumpled faces, half-clad forms, and piteous cries, are the only appeal which can now sufficiently touch the debased and ruined affections of the once noble man, as to cause the now degraded drunkard to offer a brief apology, "I can't help it!" for being the sole cause of the sad predicament.

The blasphemer, whose profane tongue and lying lips issuing forth curses and blasphemies continually,

makes him a sure terror to all who come in contact with him, when not and consequently shamed by truth, purity, and integrity, excuses himself with, "I can't help it."

Those fallen ones, too, whose virtues have given way to vice, and whose purity and morality have long since become "a thing of the past," by the strong and shameless passions of a sin-cursed nature, and who consequently are drunk, evil and woe to woe because they seek for no better, and more potent a remedy than their own blighted and well-nigh wiped-out wills, and plead, as they go on in sin's downward course, "I can't help it."

And so the whirlpool of iniquity goes round, and on, ever carrying with it and sinking lower and lower into its mighty suction and power, the most abandoned, the meanest, and, alas! alas! In not a few cases, the boys and girls of our Territory down the current of sin's dashing stream, into the crashing breakers, and rugged rocks, and shifting shoals of the self-destroying, and soul-damning catæstrophe of "I can't help it."

Is there no help for these sad wrecks? Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no Physician there?

A contribution answering the concluding questions of the above article, will appear in our next issue, under the title: "Morphine Mastered," by Lieut.-Colonel Margetts.



GEORGE WOULD NOT FIGHT.

The Evolution of a Seed.

STAGE SEVEN.

They were drifting down stream—had been so for days, and were likely to do so for days more. After the arduous tramps and hard travelling of their journey to the West, their progress down the Saskatchewan seemed monotonous and slow. All day long their flat boats were carried along by the current—where the river was narrow and deep with considerable speed, where it was broad and shallow they crept sluggishly along, liable at any moment to a "bump"—on sand, bar. When this occurred there was nothing for it but to wade. So the men had to stand in the boat while their taller comrades lightened their craft and pushed her off. As Seeds could stand upright with dry crown in nearly six feet of water, he was constantly in the water. At night they anchored under the river's high steep banks. They had the uncomfortable conviction that what excellent marks they would have been lying here for any Indians who might be in ambush on the high ground above. But either there were no Indians about, or they did not

discover their enemy's whereabouts, for the soldiers were unmolested.

As in the company of which Seeds formed a part had had no taste of the actual fighting, for which they had so keen an appetite. To all points where a brush with the enemy was anticipated they had been dispatched, but the uncertain movements of the Indians had disappointed them.

At Saskatoon they halted and visited the military hospital which was established here. Sad sights awaited them. Over seventy lay there suffering—some of Seeds' regiment.

McMillan, was among the victims of Batoche.

A Salvationist comrade died of his wounds here.

He maintained his trust in God amid indescribable agonies.

At Clark's Crossing, where another halt was made, an incident occurred which left an ineffaceable effect on Seeds' character. His avowed Salvationist had been rescued, after the Indian joke or two, with torture, and as time went on, with some respect by nearly all his comrades. There were, however, one or two who yet cherished a grudge against the man who was true to his principles. One of these, a regular bully, maliciously stole Seeds' allotted amount of sugar out of his haversack, while the latter was busy unloading the boat. Seeds saw the theft committed and detected the spiteful instinct that prompted it. His face flushed with sudden anger—

why should he be thus tormented? It was a little straw, but it broke the camel's back. This was the first time since his conversion Seeds lost control of himself and directed a well-aimed blow at the bully. The latter squared his fists and offered to fight. But Seeds' sudden anger had already spent itself. Never will he forget the burning shame of that moment. He had disgraced his God—lowered the flag. His hands dropped as suddenly as they had risen.

"I will not fight," he said. "I was wrong in touching you, though you did steal from me. You can strike me if you like, but I shall not return it."

That night in his tent, before his astonished comrades, Seeds, with tears of contrition confessed his sudden fault and promised in God's strength never to repeat it. He kept his word, and from that day to this has lost his contemptuous traits, nothing but respect and confidence met the man who had been brave enough to own his wrong.

In the little tent which the soldiers built of brushwood on the outskirts of the camp, Seeds and his Salvationist chum conducted little prayer meetings which made their influence felt upon the whole company. Though their bravery and consistency had won for them universal confidence, they found the ground no easier when it came to recruiting for the Cross. All the same eight converts were the visible seal set by God upon their efforts during the campaign.

The further events of the expedition are too long to be told here. Seeds' patriotic ambitions were not satisfied by any active engagement, though he had abundant evidences of the stern reality of the teachership of Christ which had not entered it. It fell to his lot, with others to discover the scene of the horrible massacre and respectfully bury the mutilated dead.

The untimely death of their Colonel whose bravery in the charge and Christian consideration for his men under all circumstances had made him universally loved and respected, cast a gloom over the soldiers' homecoming.

Royal welcomes awaited them at all halting-places en route. Sad to say, the warmth of ovation surrounded the soldiers with temptations. At the end of every banqueting table there was a keg of beer, and the saloons were thrown open with free urunks to every soldier. Many who had been brave under the enemy's fire succumbed to the subtle temptations of their victory.

No badge or regulation uniform was a regulation which had cost Seeds a good deal of regret during the campaign, but now the said uniform was tattered and torn.

Social Reform Siege-isms.

By THE GENERAL SECRETARY.

Ensign Nellie Griffiths, of the G. S. Department, and Capt. Florence Easton, of the Women's Social Department, conducted a Siege meeting at the Women's Rescue Home, on Feb. 9th. They thoroughly interested the girls with their music and singing and speaking, and have been invited to give them another meeting. Two dear girls volunteered out for salvation.

The London Shelter is right up to date in Siege fighting. Capt. W. R. Long, the Manager, states they are holding "family worship" not only for the officers and helpers, but since the Siege began, pressing invitations were given to the men to be present, and a large number of the boarders have availed themselves of the privilege.

During the first week of the Siege two of the men who came in to prayers made a start to serve God. Both were backsiders, one having been a soldier in London and the other in Hamilton. Drink had been the downfall of them both.

It is a grand thing to get men like this converted, but what a sad state of things for a Christian community to tolerate, viz., an open saloon in the centre of every poor fellow trying to get free from the thraldom of the accursed drink. It is a shame that such temptations are placed in the way of the down-trodden, and that they are as lawful as a place of worship. Boys, down with the drink!

Hustlers' Rendezvous.

Notes "Here, There and All Over."

GOD SPEED THE BOOMERS OF THE DEAR OLD CRY!

BY AZARIAH.

Really I'm getting a little weary of so much sameness in the position of the different Provinces. Can't something be done to get up a sensation? Why should dear old Major Southall continue to lead the Territory so easily? I don't wish him any harm, but there steals over my frame (N.B.—This word is used merely for its picaresque), a secret longing for a hand-to-hand conflict between Brig. What's-His-Name and the Major, in which encounter the Major is put "horse de combatte." I hope the Major will forgive me. He will, I'm sure, understand how difficult it must be to get up steam each week, when one man always comes in first.

The individual boomers deserve the highest and most unqualified praise. Such names as Capt. Hellman, Mrs. Huffman, Capt. McNaughton, Mr. Allen, Jackson, etc., etc., etc., are an inspiration. I could fill this column with the names of warriors who can be relied on week by week. God bless them all!

Capt. Perronen, of Nanaimo, is a boomer after my own heart. She says: "It is very hard to get a crowd in the barracks, but I find that we can do a lot of visiting and selling the War Cry. The last two weeks we have had a good chance to do something while selling the Crys in the saloons. Last Saturday we sang in three saloons—in one of them, to the accompaniment of the piano. The audience was crowded and we had the opportunity to speak to three backsiders. We found them in our Sunday afternoon's meeting."



War Cry
Boomer
Sergeant
Liston.

St. Johns II.
Nfld.

I fully understand that Brigadier Sharp can hardly expect to compete with the Ontario and Eastern Provinces in the number of boomers. Still, he has some good material, and all that's needed is a large increase of population. Could not the Brigadier arrange for a few thousand Doukhobors to be shipped to the Island Colony?

It has occurred to me that we should do the correct thing, have two Competition Lists, one in which shall figure the boomers of the Maritimes and the Eastern, and the other the North-West, Pacific and Newfoundland. That would, I think, make the running a great deal more equal. Suppose we try it that way, then, and begin the racing for War Cry dated March 4th. That will give the P. O.'s concerned good time to agitate.

Brigadier Pugmire is opening up Hampton, down east, and the War Cry order for the first week is for 100. Hurrah, Brigadier, boom the Cry!

Kamloops takes 20 more Crys and Lewiston, Idaho, rises 15. I take off my hat to you, comrades. Why not rise again?

Western Bay, Newfoundland, also feels able to sell 15 more Crys each week. Off comes my hat again! It is a pleasant sensation.

I refrain from mentioning the names of the few corps who have dropped. My kind heart refrains from causing any blush of shame or regret on the cheek of any officer. Try again, Captain, and a little harder.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

90 Hustlers.

CAPT. HELLMAN, Brantford	278
MRS. HUFFMAN, Woodstock	225
SERGT. M. BATEMAN, Stratford	125
S-M. MRS. ROCK, Chatham	123
LIEUT. PAYTON, Clinton	108
CAPT. CLARK, London	100
Lieut. Carr, Windsor	92
Ensign Ottawa, Guelph	90
Lieut. Beach, Seaforth	88
Lieut. Pickle, St. Catharines	85
Sister Tedman, Chatham	81
Lieut. Burrows, Wallaceburg	81
Mrs. Adjt. Hughes, Stratford	75
Lieut. Sitzer, Dresden	70
Lieut. Mumford, Sarnia	62
Capt. Howcroft, Forest	69
Capt. Coe, Guelph	65
Capt. Bragge, Wyoming	60
Capt. Gibson, Sarnia	59
Sister Daisy Jones, Wingham	58
Capt. Burrows, Watford	58
Capt. Sizer, Hespeler	57
Treas. Churchill, Petrolia	56
Lieut. Burton, Stratroy	55
Cand. Carley, Ridge town	56
Lieut. Winters, Bothwell	55
Sergt. Allan, Mitchell	50
Sister Robinson, Tilsonburg	50
Sister Schuster, Berlin	50



TEMPLE WAR CRY BRIGADE.

Sister Legallis, Petrolia	46
Sergt. Pitchley, Listowel	46
Sister Jordan, Paris	41
Lieut. Copeman, Palmerston	40
Ensign McKenzie, Berlin	37
Sergt. Auntie Wright, Ingersoll	36
S-M. Armstrong, Seaford	36
S-M. Scott, Guelph	35
Lieut. Hodgson, Listowel	35
Capt. Burton, Leamington	35
Lieut. Crawford, Simcoe	34
Mrs. Burrows, Watford	32
Bro. Palmer, London	32
Adjt. McAmmond, London	32
Sec. Mrs. Harris, London	32
Sister Hiltz, Blenheim	30
Capt. Graham, Thanesville	30
Sergt. Dearing, Hespeler	28
Capt. Payton, Ridge town	27
S-M. Smith, Guelph	27
Sergt. A. Rowatt, Bayfield	27
Sister Mrs. Cheeseman, London	26
Capt. Green, Guelph	25
Sister May, Drayton	25
Capt. Jarvis, Drayton	25
Sister Stoddart, Essex	25
Sister Cuttling, Essex	25
Capt. Dowell, Essex	25
Lieut. Baird, Thedford	25
Lotti Cannon, Ingersoll	25
Capt. Capt. Goy, Bothwell	25
Mrs. Capt. Goy, Paris	24
Sister McNaughton, Sudb	23
Sister Coppins, St. Thomas	23
Capt. Ebbey, St. Thomas	23
Adjt. Coombs, Brantford	22
Sister G. Crafts, Chatham	22
Capt. McLeod, Wingham	22
Capt. Melton, Tilsonburg	21
Sister Francis Erb, Berlin	21
Sister Pinnel, London	20
Ensign Orchard, Wingham	20
Bro. M. Benn, Wallaceburg	20
Bro. Christian, Dresden	20
Bro. Hyde, Sarnia	20
Capt. Hodnett, Blenheim	20
Sister McQuillan, Blenheim	20
S-M. Rose, Hespeler	20
Sister Tomaline, Hespeler	20
Sister Passmore, Ridge town	20
Lieut. Gutzke, Bayfield	20
Sister McCaffery, Essex	20
Sister Hoskins, St. Thomas	20
Sister Palmer, St. Thomas	20
Sister Nelle Mason, London	20
Sergt. Mrs. Broadway, Kingsville	20
Capt. Huntington, Clinton	20
Capt. Huntress, Norwich	20
Lieut. Stickells, Norwich	20
Sister Scott, Galt	20

EAST ONTARIO AND QUEBEC	22
PROVINCE	21
81 Hustlers.	21
CAPT. CONNORS, Ottawa	140
CAPT. GREGO, Gananoque	120
ADJT. GOODWIN, Ottawa	102
SERGT.-MAJOR PEIRKINS, Barre	100
Vt.	100
LIEUT. SYMONDS, St. Albans	100
Capt. French, Peterboro	90
Lieut. Butcher, Brockville	85
Minnie Quinn, Frobisher	84
Capt. Beauchell, Deseronto	83
Ensign Sims, Peterboro	78
Capt. Sleeth, Prescott	75
Sergt. Mrs. Stone, Lakefield	75
Mary Bennett, St. Johnsbury	75
Lieut. Young, St. Johnsbury	75
Capt. Downey, Burlington	75
Capt. Jones, Burlington	75
Capt. Brown, Sherbrooke	75
Lieut. Tuck, Montreal 11	75
Capt. Banks, Quebec	71
Capt. Norman, Napance	70
Lieut. Norman, Peterboro	68
Capt. Green, Tweed	67



Mr. Harmony Octave, to his accomplished daughter, Miss Appoggiatura Octave, who is trying to win the gold medal at the Institute, and incidentally the hand and heart of Professor Bassi, the eminent soloist: "Stay dearie, here's a nice piece of music in the War Cry this week. Just try it over for me, will you?"

Sergt. Annie Downey, Kingston	21
Capt. DeWitt, Millbrook	21
Sergt.-Mrs. Thompson, Kingston	21
Sergt.-Major Douglass, Cornwall	21
Capt. Vaace, Belleville	21
Capt. Fluday, Bloomfield	21
Ensign Yerex, Montreal 111.	21
Capt. Lomond, Sherbrooke	21
Lieut. Hickey, Peterboro	21
Capt. Michael, Peterboro	21
Sister M. Brown, Montreal 1.	21
Lieut. O'Neill, Millbrook	21
Sergt. Mrs. Stevens, Peterboro	21
Capt. Owen, Sunbury	21
Mrs. Hippner, Montreal 11.	20
Mary Suddard, Kingston	20
Sergt. Mrs. Green, Peterboro	20
Lieut. Randull, Bloomfield	20
Sister Sturmy, Peterboro	20
Sergt. White, Brockville	20
Mrs. McNaughton, Peterboro	20
Capt. Patch, Coaticook	20
Lieut. Hurric, Coaticook	20
da Fulford, Campbellford	20

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.
81 Hustlers.

Sister Medlock, Temple	75
Capt. M. Wilson, Collingwood	65
Lieut. M. Howard, Parry Sound	65
Adjt. Camille, Burdett	65
Ensign Fox, St. Catharines	65
Lieut. Huskisson, Orillia	63
Ensign Jones, Bowmansville	63
Capt. Hanus, Brampton	59
Capt. Goldberg, Owen Sound	56
Sister McQuail, Tempe	55
Capt. Stephens, Orillia	55
Capt. M. Stephens, North Bay	50
Lieut. J. McLennan, North Bay	50
Sergt.-Major Bradley, Temple	50
Capt. Stevins, Sudbury	50
Bro. M. Haunton, 1.	50
Capt. Peacock, Peterboro	50
Sergt.-Major Loder, Lisgar St.	46
Capt. Bowbeer, Lisgar St.	45
Capt. Gammie, Little Current	45
Mrs. Passmore, Hamilton 1.	45
Lieut. Kivell, Owen Sound	42
Capt. Barker, Oshawa	41
Capt. Stolliker, Riverside	40
Lieut. Northcott, Newmarket	40
Capt. White, Huntsville	40
Gray, Midland	40
Lieut. Oldfield, Collingwood	40
Bro. D. T. Tupper, Port Hope	40
Lieut. Bond, Sudbury	39
Adjt. Wigging, Lindsay	37
Sergt.-Major Bell, St. Catharines	36
Mrs. Kane, St. Catharines	36
Capt. J. Howerton, Parry Sound	35
Capt. Bowers, Riverside	35
Lieut. Stickells, Riverside	35
Sergt.-Major Hunter, Newmarket	35
Capt. Nelson, Uxbridge	35
Capt. Brant, Faversham	35
Bro. Taylor, Meaford	35
Sergt. Gill, Yorkville	35
Mrs. Potter, Hamilton 1.	35
Sister Biddle Locke, Temple	35
Sister Bouton, Temple	35
Lieut. Titus, Aurora	35
Cadet Youmans, Lippincott	29
Cadet King, Lippincott	29
Cadet Hart, Lippincott	29
Cadet Take, Lippincott	29
Cadet Smith, Lippincott	29
Charles Goods, Social Farm	28
Capt. Cooper, St. Catharines	27
Capt. Cooper, West Toronto Junction	27
Capt. Bell, West Toronto Junction	25
Cadet Kitchen, Lippincott	25
Sister M. Wood, Kiplington	25
Capt. J. A. Wiseman, Brooklyn	25
Lieut. Edwards, Chester	25
Pub. Sergt.-Major Stickells, Lisgar	25
Capt. Darrach, Oshawa	25

GOD SAVE THE POOR DRUNKARD!

Specially Arranged Siege Songs for this Week.

A Call to Arms!

By THE LATE BRIGADIER READ.

Tunes.—Bitter world (B.J. 11); What's the news? (B.J. 12); Will you go? (B.B. 13); Christ for me (B. E. 39).

There is a sinful, careless throng
Drifting on, drifting on,
To hell they speed and rush along,
Drifting on, drifting on,
Regardless of a mother's prayer,
Entrapped by many a devil's snare,
Such wicked deeds they do and dare,
Drifting on, drifting on.

Comrades, as you see the godless crowd,
Do you care? Do you care?

Do you raise your voice and cry aloud?

Do you care? Do you care?

While thousands on to ruin go,

To spend eternity in woe,

Do you some real pity show?

Do you care? Do you care?

Soldiers of the cross of Jesus Christ,
Stand to arms! Stand to arms!
Everywhere our precious colors hoist,
Stand to arms! Stand to arms!
Throw off old self, be true, be brave,
Your chances go when in the grave,
Oh, rush ahead the world to save.
Stand to arms! Stand to arms!

Come, Holy Ghost!

Tunes.—Helsley (B.J. 147, 2); Hark, the voice (B.J. 51); On out on the ocean (B.J. 227, 2); Blessed Jesus (B.J. 45); or, Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah! (B.J. 121).
Jesus, like a mighty fire,
Send Thy Spirit down on me:
Yearning with intense desire
Is my soul for more of Thee.
Blessed Redeemer!
Let me here Thy glory see.

Burn away the thing that hinders.
Let no evil stay within;
Come, and reign without a rival,
Conquer over every sin.

Mighty Spirit!

Now Thy wondrous work begin.

Thou art coming! Faith can see Thee!
Here descends the promised power!
Oh, may every heart be open
To receive the glorious shower.

All Thy fitness!

Down upon us Thou dost pour.

Hope for the Drunkard!

By MAJOR COLLIER.
Tune—Never will give in (B.J. 38).

3 We are seeking for desperate sinners,
For the worst and the lowest we'll go,

And we know, by God's help, we'll be winners.

Of course the dark haunts of woe,
Though the drunkard still is rousing,
The fee the fight is veering,
We will bring them to our Saviour,
And they never need turn back.

Chorus.

Oh, you never, never, never need turn back any more,
Any more, any more, any more, nay more.

Oh, you never, never, never need turn back any more,
For in Him you'll find the grace to help you onward.

The drunkards whose homes are neglected,
And whose gifts have been blasted
by drink,

By most folks to-day are rejected;
God's Spirit is making them think,
Thoughts for drink they still are longing.

Their conscience they are wronging,
If they'll give themselves to Jesus,
They will never need turn back.

Then turn to your God while He's calling,
And offers to you pardoning grace.

At the footstool of mercy falling,
Your feet the rock He will place.

Thou by a host of hell surrounded,
Your faith in Christ is founded,
He will hold you up forever.

And you never need turn back.

"Your Dying Mother's Hymn!"

Tunes.—Christ receaveth sinful men;
Or any of the old familiar tunes.

4 Thy bosom by
Whiles the nearer waters roll, white
Hide me, oh, my Saviour, hide, till
the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven glide, oh, receive
my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none, hangs my
helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, ah! leave me not alone, still
I'll support and strive to live.
All my trust in Thee is stayed, all my
help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head with the
shadow of Thy wing.

Turn Ye! Turn Ye!

Tunes.—Oh, turn ye (B.B. 19, B.J. 86);
My brother, the Master is calling
for Thee; Hiding in Thee (B.J. 9).

5 Oh, turn ye! oh, turn ye! for
When God, in great mercy, is draw-
ing so nigh.

Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says,
"Come!"
And angels are waiting to welcome
you home.

How vain the delusion, that while you
day,
Your hearts may grow better by stay-
ing away!
Come wretched, come starving, come
just as you be,
While streams of salvation are flowing
so free.

Why will you be starving and feeling
on air?
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to
spare;
If still you are doubting, make trial
and see,
And prove that His mercy is boundless
and free.

This Week's Solo.

By STAFF-CAPT. J. C. LUDGATE.

Tunes.—Palms of victory; or, Sweet
rest in heaven (B.J. 174).

6 I saw a poor old drunkard in gar-
ments that were torn,
Staggering on the sidewalks, des-
pised and forlorn;
He had wasted health and fortune, he
had sold his home for wine;
But suddenly he stopped—he heard the
beating of a drum.

Chorus to first tune.

Claim the victory,
Get the victory,
Keep the victory
In your soul.

Chorus to second tune.

To the uttermost He saves, etc.

He staggered to the corner, a crowd
had gathered there.
He saw the soldiers kneeling upon the
ground in prayer;
He listened to their pleadings, and
tears began to flow.
As they told of Jesus Christ, Whose
Blood could wash as white as
snow.

First one and then another stepped
boldly in the ring,
And told how God had saved and kept
them from all guilt and sin;
The Captain spoke of Jesus, who suf-
fered on the tree,
And shed His Blood that every soul
from sin might be set free.

To-morrow's sun may never rise
To bless thy long-deluded sight;

This is the time! Oh, then, be wise!
Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-
night?

DO YOU DRINK JUBILEE TEA?

Yes! Since I Tried it, I Want No Other.



To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part
of the globe; befriend and, as far as possible,
wronged women and children, or any individual
in distress. Address "Inquiry," Box 34, 18th
St., Toronto, and mark "Inquiry" on the envelope.
Fifty cents should be sent, if possible, to defray
expenses.

Officers, Soldiers and Friends are requested to let
regularly through this column and to notify the
Commissioner if they are about to give any information
about persons advertised for.

FIRST Insertion.

3312. THOMAS GILLESPIE. A
coppermith by trade. Left Montreal
for Halibutton, Australia, April 1881.
Last heard of at the Western Head
San Francisco, from which place he
is expected to sail on the boat Manava
on April 28th, 1897. Description: ap-
about 40, fair hair, 6 ft. high. He
has only sister anxiously inquiries. Address
drinking inquiry, Toronto.

3310. FREDERICK NORDINGER.
Left Manitoba September 25th, 1887,
with cattle, for Montreal, thence to
Liverpool, thence to Hull and London,
and returned to Boston, U. S. Went
to Georgia and on to Richmond, Vir-
ginia. Any information address
inquiry, Toronto.

3311. MRS. D. R. DALEY wishes
to hear from her son, Samuel Daley,
who once resided in Summerside.

3300. JOHN S. SLOAN. Age 18;
brown hair, light blue eyes, 5 ft. 10 in.
in height. Last heard of rafting
timbers at Sanat Chat, Mich. His
brother inquires. Address inquiry, Toronto.

3312. THOMAS HICKSON. Formerly
lived in Manchester, England.
Last heard of in Nova Scotia, in 1884.
Age 44, lost part of one ear. Sister
inquiries. Address inquiry, Toronto.

3322. WILLIAM STEVENS. Age
40; height 6 ft., grey hair, blue eyes,
fair complexion, farmer. Last heard
of about three years ago, when he was
in Winnipeg, employed by Messrs. W.
R. Inman & Co. His letters were all
one time addressed c/o W. D. Bell
Portage la Prairie. Any information
address inquiry, Toronto.

3328. WILLIAM ALBERT BEATTY.
Age 26, height 5 ft. 9 in.; brown
hair and eyes. Left his home
in San Francisco about two years
ago. Height 5 ft. 9 in.; brown
eyes. Formerly of Lisburn, Ireland.
Anyone knowing Beatty's whereabouts
address inquiry, Toronto, or Jessie
Houston, 237 Carlton St., Toronto.

3227. THOMAS GEORGE BROTHER.
Age 26, height 5 ft. 9 in.; brown
hair and eyes. Left his home
at Bunnell's Wildwood, on Monday,
September 20th. His poor wife has
no idea of his present whereabouts,
but sincerely desires to forget and
forgive. Address inquiry, Toronto.

3324. WILL P. J. D. who left West
York on 23rd September, kindly com-
municate with Brigadier Gaskin, S.A.
Temple, Toronto. Friends anxious

IMPORTANT!
HELP FOR ALL IN LEGAL DIFFICULTIES.

DO YOU WANT ADVICE CONCERNING—
PARTNERSHIP AGREEMENTS;
JOINT STOCK COMPANIES;
PROPERTY DEEDS;
MORTGAGES;
INSURANCES, OR
LEGACIES?

MEET YOU IN TROUBLE WITH YOUR—
CREDITORS, OR
MORTGAGEES?

IF SO, the Commissioner is willing to give
you all the knowledge and experience of a
Practical attorney.
Address your letter (marked "Confidential"), to
Major A. Smason, S.A. Temple, Albert St.,
Toronto, to cover expenses, will be charged.

THE WAR CRY. Official Gazette of the
Salvation Army, printed and published
by John Newell and Son,
Printing Ho'le, C. Horns, S. A.
Temple, 18 Albert St., Toronto.